THE NATION

February 21, 1966 . . 35c

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DE GAULLE AND L'AFFAIRE

Alexander Werth

TRUTH IN PACKAGING

The Supermarket Caper

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'CONDUCT UNBECOMING . . .'

The Lieutenant on the Peace Line

John Rechy

Reviews

CONTRA SONTAG by Charles Thomas Samuels

GRAHAM GREENE'S 'COMEDIANS' by Alan Cheuse

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LETTERS

Tuskegee faculty

Tuskegee, Ala.

Dear Sirs: Arnold S. Kaufman's article ["Murder in Tuskegee: Day of Wrath in the Model Town," *The Nation*, Jan. 31], although percipient and on the whole accurate, might be misconstrued where he states: "Enormous hostility was directed toward the members of TIAL by the administrators, faculty and students of Tuskegee Institute."

Dr. Kaufman perhaps does not know, since he was not on campus last summer, that some faculty members marched and sat in with TIAL members in their efforts to integrate white churches, while others gave TIAL moral and financial support. The number of such faculty supporters of TIAL was indeed small, but Dr. Kaufman implies that the entire faculty was hostile. That is not so.

Elizabeth Keen

Research and teaching

New York City

Dear Sirs: Representative Reuss' subcommittee report has already been tellingly criticized (see *Science*, Dec. 31 and Jan. 14), but I would like to comment on his article, "Research: The Midas Touch" [*The Nation*, Jan. 17]. Even the title of the report, "Conflicts Between the Federal Research Programs and the Nation's Goals for Higher Education" is misleading. The federal research-support program was designed to promote scientific research, primarily in this country, and it has accomplished its goals so magnificently that today the United States is, in many fields, the leader in scientific research.... Representative Reuss' comments on the discrepancy between federal funds obtained and doctorates given between, say, the University of California and Iowa State, is a gross simplification, for it does not take into account that the cost of physics research (U. of C.) is much higher than the cost of horticultural research (Iowa State), that there is much more post-doctoral teaching at the former school, and that it is misleading to compare a whole school with another school, without comparing fields of study. . . .

The recommendations to spread research money over a larger number of schools and to put on the granting committees scientists from these diverse institutions make the implication that the reason research money has been concentrated in a few schools is because of favoritism. I have sat on these committees and I can state, unequivocally, as can all my colleagues, that this implication is a slander. The reason research money has gone to a comparatively small number of schools is simple: they have the best research scientists. . . .

Finally, the recommendation by Representative Reuss that money be given to the school as a whole, with some funneling into schools where research is at a minimum, has dangerous implications. For it will bring into the picture all the politics endemic to Academe, and moreover, it will do nothing to further research in this country; for good research is not done by a school or a department but by an individual, and good individuals must be resident at a school before research money should be granted there. . . . If you wish to strengthen college teaching in science over the whole country, go to that directly, and make recommendations with that object in mind, but do not try to tear down a program that has been eminently successful in realizing its initial purposes.

Philip Siekevitz
The Rockefeller Institute

Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs: Mr. Siekevitz appears unaware of the dual objectives of the programs—to purchase research and to develop scientific manpower. As recently as Sept. 20, 1965, the President instructed all federal agencies administering science-research programs to "encourage the maintenance of outstanding quality in science education in those universities where it exists, and to provide research funds to academic institutions under conditions affording them the opportunity to improve and extend their programs for research and science education. . . ."

If the comparison between research funds provided by the federal government and doctorate production is an "oversimplification" of the educational benefits derived from science money, it is up to Mr. Siekevitz to do more than assert the contrary. The relationship, or lack of it, requires examination if only because scientists and others have assumed that science funds have been instrumental in increasing doctoral output.

My concern to make panels more representative is not, as Mr. Siekevitz thinks, with the eradication of an imagined science pork barrel. It is rather with the more subtle influence that a panelist's own background may have on his choice of research proposals for support. Thus, panels with wide representation and, particularly, including younger men, would be more likely to assure consideration of meritorious research by competent but less known scientists at less prestigious institutions. Since the august Committee on Science and Public Policy (COSPUP) of the National Academy of Sciences made the same recommendation in a recent report on *Federal Support of Basic Research in Institutions of Higher Learning*, I do not feel that the recommendation warrants the charge of libel. . . .

Henry S. Reuss

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Everything But Peace

If President Johnson was trying to emulate the Stephen Leacock character who jumped on a horse and rode off in all directions, his Honolulu conference could not have been better conceived. Since his election in 1964, Mr. Johnson has been improvising moves in the Vietnam war for publicity effect, with apparently no concern that each policy contradicts the preceding one. In perspective, the Honolulu meeting will be seen as merely another venture in diplomacy by showmanship, a technique which may work in domestic politics but which is ill suited for dealing with international problems.

To appreciate the full absurdity of the Hawaiian spectacular, one must read the entire text of the Joint Communiqué and the bombastic "Declaration of Honolulu," which together occupy half a newspaper page. Such a farrago of pompous nonsense is rarely achieved by official proclamation writers, who generally manage to cloak duplicity in fewer words. In this instance, obfuscation was heightened by the pronouncements of the principals before and after the formal gathering. Mr. Johnson prefaced the negotiations with a bellicose speech in which he described his domestic opponents, who are rapidly becoming a majority in the Senate, as a "group that has always been blind to experience and deaf to hope." For his part, the self-appointed South Vietnamese premier, Nguyen Cao Ky, appealed at a post-confabulation press conference for an extension of the bombing to Haiphong, and declared that he would never negotiate or enter a coalition with the National Liberation Front. By the end of 1967 he expects to win the glorious victory that for twenty years has eluded the French, the Americans and his own Vietnamese.

Ky's stand on negotiations raises a vital point. In all his offers of "unconditional" discussions, President Johnson has never gone beyond suggestions that the National Liberation Front would encounter no difficulty in having its views considered at a peace conference. This was widely construed as meaning that the NLF could attend as part of the North Vietnamese delegation, thus conforming to the American position that the conflict in Vietnam was not a civil war but a war of aggression waged against South Vietnam by the Communists of North Vietnam and China.

On February 6, however, Ambassador W. Averell Harriman, presumably speaking for the Administration, gave some ground with the suggestion that the NLF could attend as an "independent group." The obvious idea was to make a peace conference possible without antagonizing the South Vietnamese government. Consistent with Harriman's move toward a compromise on the question of NLF representation, Walter Lippmann (New York *Herald Tribune*, February 8) expressed the hope that the President was "talking turkey" to Premier Ky in Honolulu and telling him to "get ready for the readjustment of U.S. policy in accordance with the real military prospects in Vietnam." Judging by the outcome, it was Ky who talked turkey and, as far as Mr. Johnson is concerned, the United States is now committed to conquering all of South Vietnam for Ky or his successors.

What hypnotic power does the premier of South Vietnam, who came to power by a *Putsch*, exercise over the President of the United States? It cannot be the specter of a separate peace between the Communists and Ky's government that perturbs Mr. Johnson, for Ky has ruled that out in the only bit of hard news that emerged from the whole affair. A reasonable inference is that Mr. Johnson feels Ky's government must be shored up at all costs, since another *Putsch* at this juncture would shatter the image of a selfless America defending the Vietnamese against Communist enslavement. How else explain why Mr. Johnson, who is so lionhearted when telling Senators where they get off, lets the Vietnamese generals dictate the politics of a war in which Americans are doing the decisive fighting and paying all the bills?

Promises of a Great Society for Vietnam are such stuff as dreams are made of. The Vietcong and the peasants among whom they live may be harried from the air, but they hold three-fourths of the country. The NLF is more of a government than the cabal in Saigon. The bomb detonations drown out Mr. Johnson's promises. The gift that must precede all others is peace, and after Honolulu that seems further off than ever.

The Economics Of It

Every war has its economic aspect, but rarely is savagery so well matched with rapacity as today in Vietnam. Last December, Takashi Oka, a correspondent of *The Christian Science Monitor*, reported that for Americans "with the right combination of patriotism, venturesomeness, and hardheaded profit-seeking," investment in Vietnam could be most rewarding. The AID guarantees American investors up to 100 per cent against losses through war, expropriation, insurrection and currency inconvertibility, and up to 75 per cent against all other risks, including commercial risks. So far the boys have been doing fine. Both the *Monitor* and *Newsweek* (January 31) report 20 to 30 per cent annual returns on investment in South Vietnam.

The Charleston (W. Va.) *Gazette* received a sour comment on this idyllic situation from a Charleston lawyer described as a moderate to conservative Republican and a firm believer in the benefits of free enterprise. "If this isn't economic imperialism, what is it?" exclaimed the lawyer. "Since when are exploiters guaranteed against loss, entitled to a return of 20 per cent or more? Are such people pioneers or racketeers?"

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Big as well as small business follows the flag. The two largest U.S. banks, Bank of America and Chase Manhattan, have asked for licenses to open branches in Saigon, and First National City and American Express are also studying the opportunities. Fifteen banks are already operating in South Vietnam, with the French and British in dominant positions. While doing a job on the Vietcong, shouldn't we be correcting this situation too? Henry M. Sperry, a National City Bank vice president, thinks we should. After cordial visits with Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge and Vietnam officials, Sperry declared that it would be "illogical" to permit the French and British to "monopolize" the banking business, because South Vietnam's economy "is becoming more and more U.S.-oriented."

And with so many big spenders around it is also becoming more and more inflationary. The *Newsweek* story pointed out that the United States has been pouring vast amounts into South Vietnam—$600 million a year in foreign aid alone, or more than one-fourth of that country's gross national product. The current $500 million military construction job is not being done by organizations like the Seabees of World War II—that wasn't free enterprise. A consortium of U.S. construction companies is handling the job this time, with a payroll that will rise to 65,000.

Of course if the Vietcong should win the war and get back their own country, the boom would collapse. But the American business community is confident that nothing so calamitous will be allowed to take place. As one big construction official said, "Johnson certainly wouldn't build all this for the Communists."

AID for Whom?

If nothing else, the Senate Foreign Relations Committee hearings on Vietnam are making painfully clear how hard it is to get a sensible response from a bureaucrat. David Bell, the administrator of AID, told Sen. J. W. Fulbright's group that the $2.7 billion in economic aid pumped into Saigon's corrupt economy since 1954 has left the country in "much better" condition, with "considerable agricultural improvement" —although in the next breath he had to admit that Vietnam, which used to be the rice bowl of Southeast Asia and as such a great exporter of the commodity, now is in such terrible economic shape that it must *import* $21 million worth of rice each year. To some extent, of course, this is because U.S. troops and airmen have burned the rice fields.

Bell said he felt that the AID program had done a lot of good. For whom? For the Saigon crooks? For the North Vietnamese? Bell admitted that one of AID's "very significant problems" is the ease with which Vietcong agents can go into stores in South Vietnam, buy U.S.-supplied medicines and groceries, and, with a little cautious dodging, take them to North Vietnam or even China. The Saigon merchants, imbued with the patriotism we hear so much about, will sell to anyone, especially if he is willing to pay black-market prices for the goods we gave their transient rulers for nothing. Sen. Joseph Clark pointed out that more than ten years ago President Eisenhower insisted that economic aid to Vietnam be dependent on the reform of the government. Had this policy been followed? No, Bell conceded, it hadn't.

Sometimes the cheerful recitation of multibillion-dollar mistakes brought pained outcries from Senators who cannot understand such smug waste. "There is a $37 billion backlog of unmet needs in communities in this country," Albert Gore remarked, "yet this year alone we will spend half of that in Vietnam." Yes, said Bell, and that's too bad; but he thought Gore might be overlooking the brighter side, which is that Korea has sent a division of troops to the war! (He said this in earnest, as if he did not mean to mislead, as if he could not see the shining irony of it—that *we* have *two* divisions of U.S. troops stationed in Korea, whence *one* division of *their* troops come to our assistance!)

It is not likely, with the Administration staunchly resisting any conversation with the American people, that much information of consequence will come out of these hearings. Indirectly, however, the Administration's efforts to suppress news is already having the desired and expected reaction—a flurry of exposés by newsmen such as the Washington *Star's* Richard Critchfield, four of whose articles from Saigon placed in the *Record* by Senator Clark, gave the first session of the Foreign Relations Committee its only meaty information. "Though the United States has spent billions in Vietnam, it has invested only $4 million in land reform from 1954 to 1960, nothing from 1960 to 1965 and is spending only $1 million this year," writes Critchfield. "The United States gives goods, the goods are sold to people with money to buy them and the money goes to support the war. But the effect is to nourish an urban economy in which the middle and upper classes prosper but does almost nothing to improve the life of the 80 per cent of the peasant population."

It would take Fulbright's group three hours to drag that much information out of a man like Bell, and then it would come forth wrapped in misleading excuses. Critchfield is not the only reporter on the scent. Richard Harwood of *The Washington Post* writes, "Of the total AID package of more than $500 million for the current fiscal year, less than $2 million is earmarked for schools and school supplies in the villages, only $1.1 million for rural water systems, $1.8 million for 6,000 rural self-help projects, $12.8 million for public health, and $5.8 million for agricultural development. The total for these projects—about $24 million—is less than the $27 million AID will invest this year in a desperate effort by the National Police Force to curb the misuse of U.S. aid and to stop the flow of contraband to the Vietcong."

This kind of tough honesty, which is seen with encouraging frequency in the American press these days, is going to make the artful dodging of Administration witnesses sound all the sillier.

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The Top-Priority Issue

It is sometimes useful to view an issue from outside the conceptual framework within which it is currently discussed. There has been no real debate on the China question although, as James Reston pointed out recently in *The New York Times*, it "lies behind the whole war" (in Vietnam). While there has been no real debate, it has become clear—despite Dean Rusk's muscular efforts to avoid an unambiguous statement on the point—that our main concern is with China, not with Vietnam, North or South. It has also become increasingly clear that some if not all of our hawks would like to see us strike at China's nuclear installations now, on the assumption that we will eventually have to deal with China militarily. China, of course, makes much the same assumption. In effect, therefore, the military of both nations look at events from closely aligned viewpoints; that is, they assume that China and the United States will sooner or later find themselves at war. It is precisely this shared assumption that creates the greatest danger of war.

What is not so clear is that both nations are now in the process of preparing for a direct military confrontation. For example, if the Pentagon assumes that we will eventually strike at Chinese nuclear installations, either by provoking China or by way of reprisal or for any other reason, then it would follow that we would first bring into being, in South Vietnam and Thailand, a military complex formidable enough not only to prevail on that ground but to withstand a massive land attack from the Chinese to the north. For it should be kept in mind that the North Vietnamese and the Chinese might move south so rapidly, and in such force, that they would overrun South Vietnamese and U.S. forces or succeed in creating a situation in which we would not dare to use nuclear bombs because of the grave hazard to South Vietnamese and our own personnel. Also we might well hesitate to use nuclear weapons for fear of the damage that just one well-placed Chinese bomb might work on Saigon and its inhabitants. By this logic, then, we would first need to have a huge force in South Vietnam and Thailand, a force of, say, 800,000 or 1 million men, as some experts have estimated, along with bases, air fields, harbors, warehouses, etc. In effect we would have to have a force in being *before* we struck at Chinese nuclear installations.

From the Chinese point of view, therefore, what we are now doing must seem a convincing fulfillment of their own deep assumptions that we intend to make such a strike. If China's leaders assume, as they must, that we intend to launch an attack, sooner or later, then it is reasonable for us to assume that they *want us* to establish a huge army on the mainland, regardless of what it may mean to the Vietcong or the North Vietnamese. For China cannot expect to cope with U.S. air and naval power; in these fields it is hopelessly outclassed. As China sees it, then, the only way to fight a war with the United States with any prospect of success or stalemate would be to bait us into establishing a huge army on the mainland. This in turn might account for China's insistence that North Vietnam fight on—and on. Granted that all this is surmise, it is still relevant. For one thing, it indicates the vital need for a real debate on China.

The Chinese may not be, as U Thant suggested recently, "obsessed with fear and suspicion," suffering from "the equivalent of a nervous breakdown," but there are now unmistakable signs that they are preparing for war; Felix Greene detailed some of the evidence in a recent speech at Stanford University (January 19). The Pentagon, of course, must read these signs as fulfilling its own assumptions about Chinese intentions. Before we get into a land war with China, arising out of "the mirror image" that each military has of the other, full hearings and debate should be held on our China policy—if we have a policy. And a likely lead-off witness might well be Henry Luce who, in a little-noticed address before the Commonwealth Club in San Francisco on December 3, gave it as his opinion that the general East-West confrontation in the Pacific—not communism per se—is today the top-priority issue on the world's agenda.

Conscience of a Lawyer

The New York Civil Liberties Union this month gave its 1966 Florence Lasker Civil Liberties Award to Clifford Durr, a man well known in the days of Franklin Roosevelt as the conscience of the Federal Communications Commission. He was responsible for issuance of the Commission's "Blue Book," a report that criticized broadcasting for excessive commercialization and tried to impress on the industry its responsibility for serving "the public interest, convenience and necessity," as the law provides. It was Durr, also, who put through what became known as the "AVCO rule"—prompted by the Aviation Corporation's attempt to buy radio stations—which provided that a station owner wishing to sell his property must advertise for bids and not make private deals (a rule that has not been enforced as well as it might have been). Durr fought against advertising agency control of broadcasting and pushed FM, insisting that at least some of the new channels be reserved for educational purposes. He stood up against encroachment by the big newspaper publishers into broadcasting.

Durr's career in Washington came to an end when he boldly quoted the Constitution to Harry Truman, who was then setting up his Loyalty Review Board and creating a temper in the country that encouraged Sen. Joseph McCarthy to scramble for power across the reputations of his fellow citizens. He denounced McCarthyism even before the term was invented. In recent years, Durr has been practicing law (he has recently retired) in his home town of Montgomery, Ala. It has been a quiet practice, primarily the crises and tragedies of the very poor. None of the big civil rights cases have come his way—perhaps because he is a brother-in-law of Justice Hugo Black, and potential clients have feared that if their cases were to reach

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the Supreme Court their warmest friend on that bench might have to disqualify himself. Or perhaps clients wanted a less controversial lawyer; Durr has never been orthodox, in Washington or in Alabama.

The Lasker citation refers to "consistent and outstanding courage and integrity in the defense of civil liberties whether in the performance of duty or above and beyond the requirements of duty." Clifford Durr would agree that he has tried to do his duty, but nothing he has ever said suggests that he feels he has done more than his personal integrity and professional skill have required of him. It would not have occurred to him that there was anything unusual in that, and we are particularly happy, therefore, that the Civil Liberties Union has obliged him at last to see himself as his admiring contemporaries see him.

Lewis Gannett

Lewis Gannett was as attractive a man as everybody said he was, and he was a superb 20th-century reporter. He had exceptionally clear blue eyes. He saw a book or a thing plain. Then he sat down and within minutes wrote what he saw, exactly. He reported precisely and steadily in his column in the New York *Herald Tribune* what was in that book—that was his gift. He reviewed 8,000 books in 6,000 columns. He was possibly the one American newspaper critic of whom we can say that he was lucid, informal, readable, unpedantic and, above all, unpredictable all the way. Lately, he entered the hospital in Sharon, Conn., near an old house on top of a sun-swept and wind-seeded hill, where he had lived for forty years, and he died on February 3, at 74, after a short illness.

Lewis Gannett made his way to the New York *World* and, after covering the Versailles peace conference, to Oswald Garrison Villard and *The Nation*. He became an associate editor and continued as a contributor to the magazine after joining the *Herald Tribune* staff in 1928. He wrote what he saw in Lewis, Dreiser, Anderson and Cather, and then in Hemingway, Faulkner and Dos Passos—as he had written and was to write what he saw in China (*Young China*, 1926), and from an automobile crossing the United States (*Sweet Land*, 1934), and on that hilltop (*Cream Hill*, 1949). Four times he wrote two successive columns about single books—by Santayana, Henry Adams, Sandburg and Gunther. In the world of books when he began, and for twenty years thereafter, American writing was generally thought a branch of English literature. Gannett did not overestimate the work of his countrymen; if anything, he underestimated it. But he was quick, penetrating and, on occasion, bold. "I would recommend to editors a name I have never met before, that of John Steinbeck," he wrote in 1932 of *The Pastures of Heaven*.

One day in the 1950s, he walked about Cream Hill with a friend. The old house had many good plain American chairs in it and comfortable space between them, and there wasn't a piece of clutter in it, front to back. Several times Gannett paused to look at a lithograph by his wife, Ruth Crisman Arens Gannett; he said, "Ruth is the artist, you know." It is easy to imagine the coming scholar, busy at his push-button research in American literature, asking the computer: "Who thought the book worth reading when it came out? What did he see?"—and getting back one of those 8,000 reviews in 6,000 columns (1923-56) by Lewis Gannett.

MARGUERITE YOUNG

DE GAULLE AND L'AFFAIRE . . . Alexander Werth

Paris

It is tempting to say that there are more important things in the world than the Ben Barka scandal. This month, the Common Market crisis, which had dragged on for more than half a year, at last came to a reasonably satisfactory end. Weighing up the pros and cons, all the Six decided that it was in their interests to let the Common Market continue. The five other partners refused to put on paper their agreement with France's objections to the Council's majority vote in favor of "supranationality"; but it almost comes to the same thing: if they do not want to break up the Common Market (and, for the present, they obviously don't), they must act as though they had subscribed to France's objections. The French insist on this point in part because they believe that if the majority vote does not take force, it will be easier for Great Britain to join the Common Market in the near future. In 1963, during his great love affair with Adenauer, de Gaulle slammed the door in the face of "America's Trojan horse," but he has since discovered that the real Trojan horse is not Britain at all but Germany, and he would welcome in the Common Market a major partner who shared his objections to supranationality.

In fact, though, de Gaulle no longer rejects, as he did last summer, any kind of political union; during the election campaign in December, he defined his position:

Once, as I hope, we get over the Common Market ordeal, we should like to propose once again . . . the beginnings of a political cooperation. I am sure that, sooner or later, England will join. But this would not be a supranational Europe. Europe is what it is. But it could become a cooperative body and, after a time, a confederation.

During the campaign, de Gaulle became acutely aware that if France strongly approved his foreign policy in respect of NATO, the Atlantic Alliance, Vietnam and his *rapprochement* with the Russians (he is to visit Moscow this summer), the country, particularly the French farmers, was made exceedingly nervous by the thought that the Common Market might disintegrate if de Gaulle persisted in his tough policy, as illustrated by the June 30 break-up at Brussels. Not that the French were alone to blame; men

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like Hallstein and Mansholt thought (as the French put it) that they could extend the powers of the Brussels commission, with the French not daring to provoke a major crisis inside the Common Market a few months before the French Presidential election. This was the "blackmail" to which Couve de Murville refused to yield. Much to everybody's satisfaction, the danger to the Common Market has now abated.

Far more important than the ups and downs of the Common Market is the resumption of the bombings of North Vietnam. It would take too long to summarize all the French charges of hypocrisy, incoherence, ruthlessness and ineptitude that have been brought against President Johnson's policy in the last few weeks. It is sufficient to say that even if the "Christmas truce" was not taken very seriously, it still suggested that Washington was perhaps trying to find some way out of the impasse. The appeal to the UN might have made sense if some reasonable and constructive proposals had been submitted with it; but on four occasions—so it is thought here—the President made it clear that he was not thinking along those lines. *Le Monde* dismisses the appeal to the Security Council as a demagogic trick intended merely to weaken the growing opposition in the United States to the war; "but to approach the Security Council after the resumption of the bombings was to destroy in a few minutes all the good done by the pause. . . ." Recent utterances by General Wheeler and other brass have created the greatest uneasiness in France, and in Europe generally; not only is the word "genocide" being used, more and more frequently, in respect of the unhappy men, women and children of Vietnam, but many European commentators do not rule out an extension of the war to China (with God knows what further complications) before the end of 1966.

All this is, of course, much more important than Ben Barka. Nevertheless, the scandal is filling up ten times more space in the papers, and taking up more time in conversation, than any other topic. It has become *L'Affaire*, and only two *affaires* in the past have enjoyed the capital A: the *Affaire Dreyfus* between 1894 and 1905 and the *Affaire Stavisky* of 1934 which shook the foundations of the Third Republic. Its ultimate effect on the future of France is still unpredictable; but if it has not marked the beginning of the end of de Gaulle's Fifth Republic, it has certainly, for the present, weakened it to an extraordinary degree.

De Gaulle has made a practice of referring to the "rottenness" and "corruption" that existed under the Third and Fourth Republic; and he had largely succeeded (with the help of the strait-laced Madame de Gaulle) in giving France an air of majesty, purity, integrity and respectability. Madame de Gaulle had surrounded the "Court" with an aura of Victorian virtue; thus, divorced people were banned from the more select receptions at the Elysée Palace; persons not married in church were frowned upon, and no man with a girl friend on the side had much chance of being elevated to the rank of cabinet minister.

The Ben Barka affair has shown that, below the façade of Gaullist respectability, there was a great deal of dirt in France—some of it very near the steps of the throne. It also recalled to mind that, ever since de Gaulle's London period in 1940, a great deal of very shady police activity has gone on in the great man's shadow. If de Gaulle regards the secret police as an evil, it has been to him an inevitable, and indeed indispensable, evil, and there were times when he was only too glad to use its services as an instrument of his policy.

One of the President's sharpest critics, Admiral Muselier, commented years ago on the "*basse police* and Gestapo atmosphere that surrounded de Gaulle in London"; his secret services, run by men like Soustelle, were of great value to him in Algiers in 1943, during his struggle for power against the American-patronized General Giraud. Later, in 1947, when de Gaulle started on his "Rally of the French People" movement (RPF), a "shadow army" was built up; it included many bona fide Gaullists, who had taken part in the Free French intelligence networks during the war, but attracted also a remarkably high proportion of criminal-fringe riffraff, among them former German collaborators, former members of the Vichy *milice*, of the Doriot gangs, et al. This "shadow army" of the RPF was to be maintained in a small way even after the RPF itself had collapsed as a political force; and its 1954 chief, Jacques Foccart, is now the secretary-general of the Elysée in charge (officially) of African affairs but (unofficially) of police and intelligence matters. His name has been mentioned in connection with the Ben Barka scandal. Police inspector Souchon, one of the policemen who actually arrested the

Juhl-P.I.B., Copenhagen; Ben Roth

President de Gaulle Has Personally Requested a Thorough Investigation into the Ben Barka Affair

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Moroccan leader, later claimed that he had been given assurances by Antoine Lopez, the chief organizer of the kidnaping, that Foccart knew all about the plan and that he, Souchon, was therefore "covered" at the highest level.

During the late phases of the Algerian War, when the French-Algerian OAS terrorists became extremely active in both Algeria and France itself, de Gaulle's "shadow army" split into two fragments, part of it following Soustelle into the OAS and another part subdividing again into what came to be known as the "parallel police" and the *barbouzes* — respectively, an anti-OAS intelligence network and anti-OAS commandos. Since these people were fighting the anti-de Gaulle and "French Algeria" terrorists in their own way, it might be argued that they were on the side of the angels. Many *barbouzes* lost their lives in savage encounters with the OAS. But the trouble is that the *barbouzes* and the "parallel police" included many shady adventurers and downright gangsters.

After the Algerian War ended, the two groups should have been dissolved but, for still unexplained reasons, they were not. Instead, they enlisted still other adventurers, many of whom had originally been part of the OAS terrorist gangs. By the time the Ben Barka scandal blew up, it was difficult to say to what political camp any of these people belonged. Many of those who took a direct part in the kidnaping of Ben Barka were plain gangsters, such as Boucheseiche, to whose villa outside Paris the Moroccan leader was taken; or Figon, who had apparently been ordered to assassinate him in Cairo last summer, who took part in the kidnaping, and who was then found shot through the head in his Paris hide-out on January 17 when the French police finally made up their minds to arrest him. It is generally believed here that he was "suicided" by the police.

Not only the "parallel police" but also the two much more official French police services were involved in the kidnaping. Lopez, the chief organizer, was an important (though unofficial) member of the SDECE, the "French CIA." Officially he held an important administrative post at Orly airport outside Paris, but it seems evident that he was also acting as an agent of the Moroccan secret services and, more particularly, of General Oufkir, Morocco's Minister of the Interior. Oufkir, the "strong man of Morocco," dominates the police, the army and (to all appearances) the King himself.

To cut short a terribly long and complicated story, it seems clear that Ben Barka had been approached on the King's behalf with the proposal that he should return to Morocco and so help to "widen the political base" of the Moroccan regime. Oufkir, determined to scotch his dangerous rival, induced Lopez to organize the kidnaping. Lopez secured the help of two regular inspectors of the Préfecture de Police, Souchon and Voitart, who carried out the actual "arrest." Lopez seems to have persuaded them that this would be done with the approval of both the Elysée (M. Foccart) and a certain M. Aubert, right-hand man of Roger Frey, the Minister of the Interior. Such at least was Souchon's claim.

Apparently on the strength of the stories told by the much-too-talkative Figon (a hireling who took part in the operation), *L'Express* published on January 10 a hair-raising account of how Oufkir himself arrived in Paris, drove to the villa where Ben Barka was held prisoner, and, unable to control his blood lust, stabbed his political rival to death "with a Moroccan dagger."

Whether Oufkir personally murdered Ben Barka has not been definitely established; indeed, it is not even certain that the man is dead (no body has been discovered). But the French Government could not pretend that it did not know Oufkir organized the kidnaping, and that he had been in Paris on October 30 and 31, the two days following Ben Barka's disappearance. Hence the belated international warrant for the arrest of Oufkir—a quite unprecedented step for a government to take against an important minister of a foreign country.

The question that has, quite inevitably, been raised is to what extent the American CIA is mixed up in the affair. One has only to leaf through the New York *Herald Tribune* to see that Oufkir is looked upon in certain American quarters as "Morocco's best protector against communism," while Ben Barka, an organizer of the Three-Continents conference in Havana, was regarded as a "Communist agent," or at least (and bad enough) as a man who would help turn Morocco into a "Gaullist" and "neutralist" country, as free as possible of American influence.

There is good reason for saying that de Gaulle was deeply upset by the "stab in the back" coming from Morocco, for whose young King he had a particular friendship and whom he had tried, over the years, to convert to a "neutralist" policy. It has also been suggested in Paris that one of de Gaulle's most cherished ambitions is to form all three North African countries (Algeria, Tunisia and Morocco) into an "American-free" French zone of influence. This is not to imply that there is any truth in the story Oufkir is now (so it is rumored) planning to reveal: that de Gaulle had two important meetings with Ben Barka shortly before the kidnaping. But the theory that the CIA played a part in the kidnaping is given fairly wide credence in Paris. François Mauriac declared in the *Figaro Littéraire* that the American agency had pulled off a tremendous double coup: it had deprived the Third World of Ben Barka, and had discredited de Gaulle. "If they didn't do it, then the Devil himself must have played the game for them."

The inquiry into the Ben Barka affair is continuing, and the extent of the reaction still cannot be gauged. It has already had serious international repercussions. Relations with Morocco (whose King has refused—or has been too scared—to do anything to Oufkir) are extremely strained, though diplomatic relations have not yet been broken. The attitudes of the other Arab countries have been curious. Nasser has taken de Gaulle's side. When a Moroccan envoy arrived in Al-

POVERTY, INJUSTICE & THE WELFARE STATE

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By Richard A. Cloward & Richard M. Elman

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Abu, The Observer, England: Ben Roth

geria, thousands of students demonstrated in the streets, shouting "Oufkir *assassin!*" (and also, here and there: "*Vive* Ben Bella!" and even "*Vive* de Gaulle!")—in effect, a left-wing demonstration against the military dictatorship of Boumedienne, now figuring in the minds of the more progressive elements as a sort of Algerian equivalent of Oufkir. In Paris, Moroccan students passed a resolution condemning Oufkir's police state.

De Gaulle may have derived some slight satisfaction from this African support, but the Ben Barka Affair has not done him, still less his regime, much good. The truth is that when de Gaulle announced that he was running for President on November 4, he must have known some of the main facts of the Ben Barka kidnaping. He may already have felt that some of his ministers were not running the various police services as they should—which would help to explain why he asked for a personal vote of confidence, not even mentioning his ministers as the people who would continue the "new Republic" after he had gone.

Many other strange things happened. On November 3 (barely a week after the kidnaping) Oufkir was again in Paris, and invited Frey, the Minister of the Interior, to a dinner at the Moroccan Embassy. Sufficient evidence was already available to arrest him, but for "reasons of state," as was later explained, this was not done. Two days later de Gaulle asked the King of Morocco to take action against Oufkir, but it is clear that the President was anxious at that stage not to create a major diplomatic incident, and—what is more damaging—did not wish the Ben Barka scandal to become public in France before the election. Only a very small number of arrests were made, and practically all the underworld figures who had taken part in it (Boucheseiche and the rest) were allowed to escape to Germany or other countries. They seem to have been well paid for their services by the Moroccans (out of CIA money, several papers here have alleged).

The arrest of the two police inspectors directly responsible for Ben Barka's arrest was first delayed and then kept dark. Needless to say, de Gaulle's opposition has alleged that, whoever may have been "covering up," the President himself had, to say the least, tolerated the reticence.

Even after the election, very little was heard about Ben Barka; his kidnaping did not become *L'Affaire* until the second week in January when *L'Express* published its sensations, and especially until Figon's mysterious "suicide" on January 17. A few days before that de Gaulle is said to have flown into a sudden rage over the goings-on in the various French police services; he then fired General Jacquier, the head of the SDECE, and transferred the agency from the authority of Prime Minister Pompidou to that of the Ministry of Defense. A former ambassador, 77-year-old Léon Noel, was given the job of recasting the whole French police system. The old gentleman said it would take two or three months to draw up the reform. The opposition parties duly noted that the sorry business was being pretty well kept "within the family," Noel having been one of the big shots of the RPF in the past and, worse still, the "protector" of Lemarchand, a Gaullist deputy and the lawyer who had defended Figon in his 1955 trial, who had maintained close personal contact with his "client," and who had been extremely active in Algiers as a *barbouze* and a member of the unofficial "Gaullist" intelligence network.

During the cabinet meeting following Figon's "suicide," de Gaulle again become very angry when he realized that few of the ministers accepted the "suicide" story. Whatever the President himself thought, he made some disobliging remarks on the way Frey had conducted the whole affair. Not that Frey has been fired yet, nor, for that matter, Pompidou, then the nominal head of the SDECE, who had received various warnings about the impending kidnaping of Ben Barka but had done nothing about them.

De Gaulle has, to some appreciable extent, been deglamorized, and some of his ministers, and particularly Frey, are thought to have covered up a great deal of very dirty police business. Now the big question is how long will it take for the affair to blow over. The inquiry being conducted with energy by the inquiring magistrate, M. Zollinger, is intended (so de Gaulle has promised) to "tell the whole truth." But will it? The opposition have suggested that de Gaulle is now going through all the motions of righteous indignation, but that he himself may have a few "guilty secrets"—which would explain why he has not yet fired Frey. (Frey, we might add, played a curious role at Algiers in 1958 when he used the radio there to spread panic in France; perhaps he knows more about the inside story of 1958 and more recent events than de Gaulle wishes to have generally publicized.)

What seems much more serious is that de Gaulle, for all his apparent desire to have the whole truth revealed, has so far firmly opposed a special meeting of parliament and, above all, the constitution of a parliamentary committee of inquiry on which all the political parties would be represented. Such

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committees did valuable work both under the Third and the Fourth Republic, whenever public opinion was badly rattled by a major scandal. They usually got at the whole truth —whether about the anti-parliamentary riots of 1934, or about the Stavisky scandal, or in 1950, about the *affaire des généraux*, with its leakage of military secrets, or the *affaire des piastres*, the currency rackets in Indo-China. But the idea that the detested "parties" should poke their noses into a matter as delicate as the inner workings of the various police services is more than de Gaulle can as yet bring himself to swallow.

The Gaullist ministers and Gaullist UNR deputies are deeply perturbed by what has happened, and look with some dread toward the parliamentary election of 1967. It is, indeed, difficult to believe that the opposition parties will not make political capital out of the Ben Barka affair. It is even more difficult to see Pompidou or Debré leading the UNR to a great election victory.

'CONDUCT UNBECOMING . . .'

Lieutenant on the Peace Line . . . .

John Rechy

El Paso, Tex.

As this is written, Second Lieut. Henry H. Howe, Jr., 24, of Boulder, Colo., is locked up in the military prison at Fort Leavenworth, Kan.—the first soldier to be punished for marching in a peace demonstration against the United States Government's position in Vietnam. He was arrested last November by civilian police in El Paso, Tex., in a manner which many contend—and at least one military spokesman for the prosecution asserted — was illegal.

Tried by general court-martial, Lieutenant Howe was euphemistically charged with using contemptuous language toward President Johnson and with conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman. A third charge—intention "to promote disloyalty and disaffection among the troops and civilian populace of the United States" — was dropped.

Although ably defended by his military counsel, Capt. Thomas C. Bigley of the Judge Advocate General's staff, Lieutenant Howe was found guilty and given a severe sentence: two years' imprisonment at hard labor, dismissal from the service (the equivalent of a dishonorable discharge), and forfeiture of all pay and allowances.

Despite the fact that appeals of his case were pending, Lieutenant Howe was immediately placed in virtual solitary confinement in the Fort Bliss stockade. He was allowed visits only from his counsel, his family and, on special permission, from his girl friend. He was permitted to receive telephone calls from the same parties, but a call from a Denver reporter was interrupted. His mail and reading material were censored.

Joining the case as civilian counsel, the American Civil Liberties Union quickly announced its intention to appeal Lieutenant Howe's conviction in the civil courts as unconstitutional, being a violation of his right of free speech. The ACLU also charged that holding Lieutenant Howe in the stockade while appeals were pending was a further violation of his rights.

Subsequently, in an automatic review of the case, Maj. Gen. George T. Powers III, commanding general of Fort Bliss, reduced Lieutenant Howe's sentence to one year's imprisonment at hard labor. It was announced belatedly that Lieutenant Howe would be given credit for time served in the Fort Bliss stockade.

In view of the ACLU's announced intentions, General Powers' reduction of the sentence has been interpreted by some as a strategic move whereby the defendant officer may have served his full sentence by the time the case is appealed to other courts. Thus, even if the decision were reversed, the Army seems vindictively determined to punish Lieutenant Howe.

In an adventurous maneuver (if realized, it would have been the first such instance) the ACLU filed a writ of *habeas corpus* in the U.S. District Court to have Lieutenant Howe released on bail pending appeals. Attorney Melvin L. Wulf of New York, pleading the case as legal director of the ACLU, pointed out that defendant officers in the past have been allowed to remain free or restricted to quarters while appeals are heard—and not imprisoned in the stockade unless the charge involved violence. It was clearly the political nature of the case which resulted in Lieutenant Howe's incarceration, Mr. Wulf implied; and he charged that Major General Powers had acted "capriciously and arbitrarily" in the matter.

General Powers was subpoenaed to answer the charge. A man with three sparse patches of hair and narrow eyes in a face stamped with a stony mirthlessness, attesting to his many years in the Army, General Powers reacted to Mr. Wulf's questioning with the outrage of a man not used to explaining his actions.

He asserted bluntly, almost belligerently, that he had decided to incarcerate Lieutenant Howe because the lieutenant was "not fit to be an officer" and, outside the stockade, he would have had to be treated as one. The general "just knew" that other officers would want to have nothing to do with Howe (although, on Mr. Wulf's prodding, he admitted he had taken no survey, nor asked any officer).

Predictably, General Powers asserted his belief in the infallibility of the Army system ("I have never questioned the constitutionality of a court-martial proceeding"), although, again, Mr. Wulf managed to make him admit that on occasion he had heard that a court-martial decision had been reversed. "I don't think this case will be reversed," General Powers prophesied.

General Suttle, the judge (who had only a month or so earlier ruled against a petition filed by Leon Day asking that the Army be en-

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joined from discharging him dishonorably for having belonged to the Socialist Workers' Party), left little doubt as to where his own sympathies lay. He pointed out to Mr. Wulf that "we have to think in numbers," implying that Lieutenant Howe's case must be considered in regard not to one individual's rights but to the efficient operation of the Army. He also admonished Mr. Wulf that this was "not a civil rights rally." Almost as predictable as General Powers' testimony was Judge Suttle's ruling that the decision to incarcerate Lieutenant Howe had not been "capricious and arbitrary." He would, however, not act on a motion by Mr. Wulf that the Army be restrained from removing Lieutenant Howe from Fort Bliss pending disposition of his case in the 5th Circuit Court of Appeals. The judge declined to do so on the ground that he had no jurisdiction in the matter, although in ruling at all he had assumed such jurisdiction! No amount of rational explanation by Mr. Wulf concerning this and concerning the fact that Lieutenant Howe's removal would create new difficulties for his defense would sway the judge, who announced his feelings quite succinctly:

"I hope we don't see the day when the federal courts can tell the U.S. Army what to do!"

The next day, Lieutenant Howe was flown to Fort Leavenworth.

Now, his case goes automatically to the Army Board of Review; then, depending on that board's findings and the subsequent decision of the Howe defense, it may be appealed to the three-member civilian Court of Military Appeals, the highest military court. Neither of these two bodies may increase the sentence—only reduce it or allow it to stand. Claiming that Lieutenant Howe's constitutionally guaranteed rights have been violated, his defense will appeal his case in every court available. If it should reach, and be accepted for hearing by the Supreme Court, it will be the first military case heard by the highest court in America.

Recalling that Gen. Edwin Walker was never court-martialed for disseminating Birch Society and similar rightist material to soldiers in his command, one must wonder whether any charges would have been brought against Lieutenant Howe had he been demonstrating, say, for the bombing of Hanoi.

A second trial emerging out of the same demonstration in which Lieutenant Howe participated will be based on charges for libel brought by Dr. Richard C. Trexler, of the History Department at Texas Western College, against the El Paso *Times* for printing a letter exhorting the college authorities to "throw the bum out," and brandishing the wild—and currently popular—charge of "treason."

The peace demonstration from which these trials stemmed occurred on an unusually warm, humid November afternoon in El Paso, Tex., when about a dozen young men and women, most of them college students, led by Dr. Trexler, marched in San Jacinto Plaza—the heart of this handsome city—amid jeers and shouts for scorched flesh from a mob of more than 2,000.

The paradox is that El Paso, compared to Texas' pistol-packing larger cities like Dallas, or its devil-oriented smaller ones like Lubbock, had appeared, before all this, as the progressive daughter in a wealthy reactionary family. It was the first city in the South to pass an ordinance banning discrimination, and reportedly the first to integrate both its lower schools and college. It accomplished all this without incident, and subsequently one of its previously all-Anglo high schools elected a Negro "most popular boy."

What, then, could have stirred this generally tolerant city into a vortex of hatred? It began like this:

Late in October of last year, Nick Cheshire, a former student at Texas Western College, which is located in El Paso, and Harry Bowen, a graduate student and teaching assistant there, petitioned the city council for a permit to march in protest of the Vietnam war. They had previously been told by a member of the traffic control department that they would need such a permit.

At the hearing of the council, the Mayor, while contending that there was nothing illegal about such a demonstration, called the request for a permit "an exercise in provocation and incitement . . . a further refinement of the tactics of civil disobedience . . . intended to . . . discourage the laws requiring patriotic duty in service of the flag, and impede the conduct of war." An alderman intoned: "I can think of nothing more despicable than a man who will not fight for his country." (It would be interesting to know how the alderman ranked genocide, poverty and lynching in his scale of things despised.)

Although the alderman also admitted that such a demonstration was legal, the council — in what

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was, for its questionable ends, an idiotic move at best—voted to deny the group permission to march.

Insisting that they would march, the small committee retained J. B. Ochoa, Jr., a man identified with civil liberties cases, as its attorney and found a faculty spokesman in Dr. Trexler, formerly a first lieutenant in the Air Force, now a captain in the inactive reserves.

The hostility began to mount. A branch of a local patriotic club, the Civitans, adopted a resolution asking that Texas Western College professors showing sympathy for students in the protest group be "silenced" (a funny—if scary—echo of gangster movies!) or "separated from the tax-supported salaries they now enjoy."

The Junior Chamber of Commerce drew up a resolution urging El Pasoans to fly the American flag to indicate their "stand against communism." Not to be left out, the local League of United Latin American Citizens (LULACS)—reputedly the only national minority group not represented at the civil rights march on Washington—drew up *its* resolution opposing the demonstration, perhaps mainly to show that its members are every bit as pseudo-patriotic as the Anglos. It is a compulsion exhibited by certain of El Paso's Latin Americans. (One could call them Uncle Tomáses.)

The intrepid American Legion urged that no permit be given to the demonstrators and, reminding them of the freedoms they enjoyed, inevitably illustrated the most ferocious irony of rampant ersatz "patriotism": its seeking to deny the very freedoms it celebrates.

Germinated by such fever, two threatening telephone calls were made concerning Dr. Trexler, one to his wife, one to the Mayor's secretary. As a result, Dr. Trexler was guarded at the college by a campus policeman.

Shifting from the crowing complacency of the earlier weeks, before the city had revealed that it too contained a group dedicated and brave enough to demonstrate, the El Paso *Herald-Post*, a Scripps-Howard paper, reacted like a wronged wife. Its headlines shrieked, its editorials dealt in innuendo, its news stories inflamed, and its letters-to-the-editor column allowed its readers to denounce, as did that of the El Paso *Times*, an independently owned newspaper. ("Communist-inspired beatniks," the letters shouted, "egghead professors," "malcontents," "anti-American," "seditious," "led by an expert . . . trained for such things," "advocating revolution.") In a typical editorial, while condescendingly upholding the group's right to demonstrate, the *Herald-Post* declared:

"The history of communism has been one of infiltration, subversion and terrorism. . . . In time, unless we stand up to it, it will reach our shores (as indeed it has already in some measure)." After that statement, its thickly rhetorical "caution against tarring advocates of free speech with the brush of treason" (a bow to those "good citizens, who abhor all that the dissident group represents [but who] nevertheless defend its right to be heard") amounted to mere piety. The overall meaning was clear.

Although not known as a "liberal" newspaper, the *Times* at least seemed occasionally to be attempting to sound a rational note. In a stirring move, it printed the Bill of Rights to remind the city of the granted rights which some were attempting to deny the demonstrators.

Before this recent uproar, the atmosphere at Texas Western had been accurately described as "seething with apathy." A somewhat sleepy college, despite a handful of competent and even talented people on its staff, it had seemed determined to qualify for its nickname —"the high school on the hill." Years ago, a brave instructor had protested the showing, without opposing comment, of the pro-HUAC film *Operation Abolition*. He left shortly thereafter, and apathy again settled on the school like moss.

Lately, however, the college, partly through its Excellence Fund—supported by local private contributions—had managed to bring a more spirited group of teachers to its campus. Among them was Dr. Trexler.

Dr. Trexler's courageous stand caused a roiling questioning of themselves among the complacent members of the faculty who had lulled themselves these many years. A petition, signed by sixty-three faculty members and administrators, urging the city council to reverse its decision—"irrespective of the undersigneds' opinions as to the merits of American policy, or as to the wisdom of the planned protest" —was safely worded, but it was enough to cause great anxiety among some of the faculty.

One later retracted her support. Another explained that he was asking the city to pave a section of land adjoining his property and could not therefore afford to sign. A third questioned the integrity of one of the demonstrators whom she did not like personally. Another contributed—secretly—to the group's legal fund.

The dissenting professors received other support: from the Action Committee of the local chapter of the American Association of University Professors; from 675 students at the college who signed a resolution upholding the decision of professors to speak out; from the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith; from letters to Dr. Trexler (including one from a woman "in a military home"); and from infrequent letters in the newspapers. But those notes of reason were all but drowned by the cries of lunacy.

At the height of the furor, the city attorney was finally consulted as to the legality of the demonstration. (Incredibly the city officials had not thought of doing this at the start!) The ludicrous result was the revelation that no permit had ever been needed. The city council had acted fatuously on hot air.

On the eve of the demonstration, the Scripps-Howard paper carried an "interview" with Dr. Trexler, featured prominently at the top of its front page. In the only bold-face paragraph of a 20-inch story, the newspaper reported:

"Dr. Trexler said that he believes the welfare state is an ideal situation. He said he does not believe that the individual's control of his own money or property is a basic freedom." In the minds of those al-

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ready aroused, that was tantamount to making Dr. Trexler a professed Communist.

Protesting that he had been misquoted, Dr. Trexler clarified his views to the editor and the reporter who had written the story. He had said that the "right to own property is not the *only* basic right"; he had not mentioned money. He had further said he thought the welfare state was "necessary and desirable" in that "the government has interest in the welfare of its people," and he approved of that interest.

"That's the same as 'ideal,'" said the reporter.

"No, it isn't," the editor admitted.

The paper made no formal retraction, but a clarification appeared about 26 inches down in the body of the story that described the demonstration the next day—too late and too obscure to affect anything. The president of a mortgage company wrote the college president, enclosing a photostat of the questionable interview and encircling the very remarks Dr. Trexler had denied:

"I am encircling a paragraph which certainly distressed me. In view of Dr. Trexler's general attitude, I see no reason for our company to continue to contribute to the Excellence Fund at Texas Western College as long as a man of this type remains on the faculty."

The atmosphere had grown so ominous that the police department announced it was stocking tear-gas grenades to cope with possible disorders during the demonstration.

At 1 o'clock on that warm Saturday the sad circus finally began.

"Here they come!" a youngish man (hanging from the branch of a tree) shouted to the mob in San Jacinto Plaza. The mood until then had been that of a high-school football rally: young people laughing, vendors doing a good business. But, now, that awful camaraderie which exists among those who have found a mutual scapegoat seemed to embrace the majority of the spectators. Hatred focused on about a dozen young men and women—mostly "A" students at the college—led stoically by Dr. Trexler.

Its dignity further outraging the mob, the small group began its slow, somber, courageous march, outlining a quadrant of the park. They carried signs which read: "Have We Asked The Vietnamese?" "End The Bombing." "I Want The Truth About Vietnam." "Would Jesus Carry A Draft Card?"

The only harshly worded sign was carried by a thin, serious-faced young man, clearly not a part of the planned demonstration. His placard read: "End Johnson's Facist Agression in Viet-Nam," and, "Let's Have More Than A Choice Between Petty, Ignorant Facists in 1968." Its two misspelled words perhaps attested to the fury with which they were penned.

This demonstrator, wearing civilian clothes, was Lieutenant Howe, a graduate of the University of Colorado and at the time of the demonstration assigned to the 31st Engineers at Fort Bliss. Not very long ago, he had written his parents that he was proud to serve his country. The escalation of the Vietnam war, despite Johnson's campaign promises to the contrary, had led him to join the demonstration.

"They oughtta turn the boys from Fort Bliss on 'em!," an old man wearing a cap shouted, ignorant that one of "the boys from Fort Bliss" was among the demonstrators. Pitifully he turned (like a child to an adult) for approval from the young people about him. Other sad old men were passing out miniature flags, obviously exulting in the awareness that the crowd was with them. Again a part of an army—this time a heckling, cackling, motley army—they joined in piling insult on insult:

"I'll get the gasoline, you burn yourselves!" "Yellow reds!" "Traitors!" "Commies!" "Cowards!"

An emaciated young counter-demonstrator (paradoxically he looked like the press's caricature of the "peacenik") appeared carrying a sign which read: "Don't worry, the squirrels will gather them up before winter sets in." On the apparent assumption that anyone who carries a picket is against America, the crowd had at first hooted at him as he walked toward the demonstrators; and when he joined the march, an obviously drunk man tried forcibly to remove a tiny American flag which the pasty-faced counter-demonstrator had pinned to his lapel. As the crowd read the sign, cries of approval replaced the execration. From the side lines, the Mayor, sporting sunglasses and a funny small hat, watched with an amused smile as the crowd became surer of itself.

After about half an hour, the

demonstrators crossed the street to the garage where their cars were parked. Quickly, Lieutenant Howe was led to one side by the police, who began immediately to question him. The other marchers drove away through a portion of the street cleared by the cops.

Even a howling mob is pitiful; this one hung around for long moments, like those who linger at a party afraid of the isolation they know will grip them once they're alone again. Having acted in unison against a scapegoat that was now gone, they were strangers once more, these outcasts in their own right, so desperate to be incorporated.

Why Lieutenant Howe was stopped by the cops is still not entirely clear. Several conflicting reasons have been offered, including one that he had called attention to himself on the base by expressing his views against the Vietnam war and was therefore quickly spotted by military police who pointed him out to the civilian police. The fact is that the police knew he was a serviceman (and at the station one cop offered to turn him over to the other prisoners).

Many contend his being held in the first place to be illegal, pointing out that he was stopped and detained ostensibly as a "vagrant" when the police did not have the requisite "reasonable grounds" to suspect him. In a brief filed with the military court, Captain Bigley asserted that the seizure and arrest had been illegal. Angry reaction from the prosecution did not shake its decision to withhold from evidence the placard carried by Lieutenant Howe. (If it had been introduced,

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the legality of the manner in which it was obtained might have become an issue.) Instead, photographs of Lieutenant Howe carrying the sign were introduced, and the court heard testimony by witnesses as to the wording of the placard.

However, in his review of the case for General Powers, the staff judge advocate, a colonel, admitted that the sign was a product of illegal arrest and subsequent illegal seizure and that for that reason had not been introduced in evidence at the court-martial!

In the interrupted interview by Harry Farrar of the *Denver Post*, Lieutenant Howe is quoted as saying:

> *One of the hallmarks of fascism is the suppression of free speech. There is a clear distinction between responsibility to the military and the rights of a citizen. I have never refused to obey an army order. I would go to Vietnam if ordered to do so. On the other hand, I believe I have the right to express my opinions as a citizen. . . . I believe it is my responsibility, as a citizen, to protest against something I think is wrong.*

So far, the Army has disagreed; but the case is still to be resolved —perhaps, if all else fails, by the Supreme Court.

And El Paso now? The *Herald-Post* still practices its sometimes subtle, sometimes blatant distortion. Carrying a UPI story on the anti-war demonstration in Washington, it shouted across page 1: "Peace Pickets Wave Red Banners." Any who read beyond that—and many, of course, had not—would discover, buried half a dozen paragraphs beneath the harsh gravestone of the headline, that only six among the more than 15,000 carried the foreign banners. And the *Times* recently chastised twenty-two Presbyterian ministers in San Francisco who, contending that Jesus had taught Christians to pray for their enemies, criticized President Johnson for asking for a day of prayer "exclusively in support of anti-Communist forces" in Vietnam.

Still, there are hopeful indications in this badly shaken city.

The letters to the editor are not as vituperative as before; and one of the city's most sedulous right-wing letter writers recently decried those who deny free speech, no matter of what political leaning.

Also, in numbers exceeding all expectations, hundreds (jammed beyond the doors of the hall), mostly students from "the high school on the hill," attended a pro-and-con discussion on Vietnam; and that discussion was held on the campus of the college where, not too long ago, several instructors had been afraid to sign a petition in support of free speech.

Further, when Harry Bowen, one of the two who petitioned to demonstrate, was informed that he was being fired from his supplementary job as counselor of a privately owned — but college-controlled — dormitory, fifty students threatened to move out of the building, and a group of professors protested the firing to the dean of students. Bowen retained his job.

And greatly significant was the Scripps-Howard paper's grudging editorial after the demonstration. While still denouncing the marchers, it said:

"Perhaps it takes courage of a sort to demonstrate in an unpopular cause."

Truth in Packaging

THE SUPERMARKET CAPER . . . Jennifer Cross

Now that the "truth in packaging" bill has been taken out of Senatorial deep freeze, the legislature will again find they have uncovered a thistle scarcely less prickly than the issue of how many guns for Vietnam or how much butter for the war against poverty. If the bill manages to pass, it will be a major landmark in consumer legislation. Like the National Commission on Food Marketing (NCFM), which was set up by act of Congress in July, 1964, and is due to report in July of this year, it has provoked the concentrated hostility of the $80 billion food industry.

Rumbles of discontent were being heard in the supermarkets long before Sen. Philip A. Hart (D., Mich.) started his packaging investigations five years ago. Consumers and consumer organizations the country over complained that the retail shopper, far from being the sovereign, rational buyer that manufacturers like to make out, was bewildered and frustrated. Since 1961, the supporting evidence has become monumental, and most of it centers on packaging.

Aside from the problems of how to choose from among the 8,000 items in today's supermarkets (more than five times the number stocked before the war), confusing or dishonest containers make it impossible to buy rationally or to compare prices. To drive this point home, Mrs. Helen Nelson, California's Consumer Counsel, organized a shopping test in a typical Sacramento supermarket. She selected five college-educated housewives, gave them each $10, and asked them to buy fourteen common household items, ranging from rice to toilet soap, choosing solely on the basis of the most quantity for the least money. The results, she later testified before the Hart subcommittee, were depressing. Her team took nearly twice as long as the average shopper, and half the time could not identify the cheapest items.

The ladies were not incompetent —merely at sea among the plethora of sizes and weights which go far beyond people's desire for variety. As Mrs. Sarah H. Newman, general secretary of the National Consumers League, told the NCFM last October, "customers really do not benefit from having seventy different sizes of potato-chip packages available to them." Nor do they benefit from the multiple fractions in which these weights and sizes come, and which would be quaint if they did not look suspiciously like cheating.

These odd measures can be legitimate marketing practice, as the packaging industry has been quick to point out. Some manufacturers prefer to sell by price, and alter quantity as the cost of the foodstuffs fluctuates. Different products, or even the same product from dif-

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ferent sources, may vary in densities, and that will produce odd amounts when uniform packaging is essential (e.g., in vending machines) or desirable (e.g., spices). Harrison F. Dunning, president of the Scott Paper Co., told the Hart subcommittee: "The housewife wants a neat little rack of six kinds of spices, and she wants them to look good in her kitchen, so she wants them all the same size. They have different specific gravities, so to fill the bottle you have got to have 2¼ oz. of one, 3½ of another, 4⅛ of a third, and that is what the housewife wants."

Not so legitimate is the phenomenon of slow shrinkage, all too often the result of manufacturers' attempts to increase profits and acquire an edge over competitors. Familiar friends like Betty Crocker Instant Mashed Potatoes and Kraft Fudgies have gradually dwindled (from 7.2 to 6.5 oz., and from 15 to 12 oz.). The once standard No. 2 can, containing about 20 oz., has largely given way to the 16 oz. No. 303 can or the 15 oz. No. 300. Today, almost the only commodities sold in standard units are flour, sugar, ground coffee, tea, cheese foods and dry beans. (A notable exception is the line of goods sold by the Co-op under its own label. These come in regular sizes.) The erosion is continuous. "How long will it be before one of the current 15 oz. brands comes out "new" containing 14 or 14½oz.?," inquired Mrs. Nelson. "This kind of competitive battle, fought with constantly changing package sizes, compounds confusion for consumers." Of course, the package looks the same and costs at least as much as it did before.

A more acute and tangible grievance is deceptive packaging. In the course of only two years, Consumers Union alone has collected complaints involving 200 different product lines, some of them coming from the biggest manufacturers in the country. There is the package cunningly designed to look bigger than it is . . . the full-color picture that bears scant relationship to what's inside . . . puffy adjectives like "big" quart and "jumbo" gallon, and meaningless descriptions of size like "king," "giant," "large," and "super." Other packages suffer from marked schizophrenia, wherein the legend on the front, which is what the customer reads, is not borne out by the contents listed in small print on the back. Thus one is offered "pineapple-filled oatmeal cookies," which contain neither filling nor pineapple, and a frozen creamed spinach, "expertly blended with heavy cream, fresh farm butter and the perfect touch of seasoning," which (besides the vegetable itself) contains mostly milk, flour and vegetable shortening.

Another problem is the "cents-off" label, offering a small reduction on "the regular price," whatever that is. According to Mrs. Esther Peterson, special assistant to the President for consumer affairs and Assistant Secretary of Labor, this is misleading because "the manufacturer is in effect promising something that he cannot at all times deliver. . . . He has no control over the prices charged at the wholesale or retail level. The 'cents-off' legend may mean cents off to the wholesaler or retailer—but it does not necessarily mean cents-off to the consumer."

Aside from the packaging issue, other serious questions about food-trade operations have been raised by the NCFM. These are the quality of certain foodstuffs, the less-than-good system of food distribution available to the poor, higher retailing costs that raise consumer food prices, and an increasing domination of agriculture by "oligopolies" — the big processing and retailing chains that can use their bargaining power to depress farm prices.

While the quality of American food is generally good, a number of witnesses brought enough evidence to the contrary to suggest the need for new or revised federal standards for certain frozen and canned products. A Consumers Union report on frozen entrees (October, 1965) found that "stingy portions and mediocre quality make them hardly worth while," while their tests on frozen fruit pies (September, 1965) revealed declining weight and quality. David Angevine, public relations director of the Cooperative League of the U.S., cited watered-down juice drinks, turkey dinners with only one-third meat, and fruit-juice substitutes which are little more than "sugar-water, flavored, colored, with two or three vitamins added."

In some cases federal standards are low enough to disappoint people who buy prepared foods in the

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expectation that they will resemble homemade recipes. Thus it is perfectly legal to sell frozen chop suey which contains only 2 per cent deboned chicken meat, or frozen breaded shrimp which is only 50 per cent shrimp. Manufacturers are legally required to list the ingredients in order of predominance, but not to state the percentages. The differences in terminology which result are too subtle for most buyers. How many realize that "chicken with noodles" contains at least 15 per cent chicken, but "noodles with chicken" has only 9 per cent?

These problems affect everybody, but the 34 million living at or under the official poverty line have troubles of their own. While not all consumer experts are yet ready to endorse David Caplovitz's view that "the poor pay more," evidence is piling up to show that he is right. Mrs. Dorothy Height (national president, National Council of Negro Women) said there were fewer big supermarkets in poor, particularly Negro, urban districts. Stores were smaller and more congested, with less choice of goods, poorer quality and few fixed prices. Mrs. Nelson's consumer survey of the Watts area showed many similar complaints—plus high prices, particularly in neighborhood stores which give credit. Rightly or wrongly, more than half the 250 people interviewed felt in some way cheated. The main targets of the August riots were retail stores; seventy food markets were burned and looted.

Not only Watts complains of high prices. From 1960 to 1964, everyone paid 1 per cent a year more for food, and in 1965 we paid 3 per cent more. One of the most important NCFM jobs is to find out why, with particular reference to retailing costs. Gross margins (the difference between the wholesale and retail price, expressed as a percentage of total sales) have gone up from 18.1 per cent in 1955 to 22.2 per cent in 1963, and last year accounted for 3.7 per cent of the public's $69 billion food bill.

It would seem that either retailers are on to a good thing, or else operating costs have risen sharply. In fact, supermarket net profits, which run generally between 1 and 2 per cent, are not exorbitant. However, between 1947 and 1963, labor costs went up by 36 per cent, and the cost of plant and equipment by 51 per cent. Possibly the consumer got better service, but he got nothing out of supermarket rent increases (up 400 per cent during this period), interest payments (up 300 per cent) or advertising and promotion (up 300 per cent). And he did not get any of the financial advantages resulting from improved food technology.

The last person to benefit has been the farmer. Between 1947 and 1964, the public paid $26.2 billion more for their food, but 88.5 per cent of it went to the processors. During the same period, agricultural prices dropped by 12 per cent, and farmers were saved only by a 40 per cent increase in production. Farm incomes have generally failed to keep pace with the rest of the population. The average annual wage of a farm operator ($3,750) is well below the national average and less than almost every type of worker in the food processing and handling industries.

Many NCFM witnesses feel that "the core of the problem . . . is the accelerating control of the 'toll gates' between primary producers and consumers which is coming to be exercised by an ever decreasing number of increasingly powerful corporate complexes." By moving into certain commodity markets, particularly livestock feeding and packing, these giant retail-wholesale-production chain complexes are gaining an unchallengeable grip on prices. So the commission has started a separate inquiry into concentration in the food industry, sending questionnaires to firms with more than $750 million a year turnover — A&P, Safeway, Kroger, Acme, Food Fair, Winn-Dixie, National Tea, Jewel Tea and Grand Union.

The food industry's replies to its critics are genially simplistic, ingenious or brutally frank, depending on whether you read the national press, the Senatorial committee and NCFM hearings, or the trade press. Since 1964 (by which time the food industry and its satellites had pulled themselves and their resources together sufficiently to undertake a national publicity campaign), the housewife has been told repeatedly that food is a bargain, costing less of her take-home dollar than ever before. She is also reminded that the American food industry is the envy of the world, and that she is a splendid little shopper to whose lightest whim the industry is only too glad to cater.

Official testimony, backed up in the trade press, has stressed certain themes until they have become well worn. After polite preliminaries about what a good job the food industry does, spokesmen picture the consumer as a rational shopper, choosing freely and expressing approval or disapproval of different products by the way he spends his money. "Because of his dollar ballots," said Prof. Steuart Henderson Britt, editor of the *Journal of Marketing*, "the consumer will continue to be king. Every day he casts these ballots at the cash registers." As for the female of the species, according to an ad for the Scott Paper Co., "a woman in a store is a mechanism, a prowling computer. . . . Jungle trained, her bargain-hunter senses razor-sharp for the sound of a dropping price."

A second point made frequently is that if there are lots of products and package sizes cluttering up the supermarket it's because the consumer likes it that way. According to Mrs. Helen Wolcott Horton, consumer service director of the Pillsbury Company, there is a growing demand for convenience foods because one-third of all women over the age of fourteen have jobs away from home. Today's buyers (flattery is the industry's favorite weapon) "have more money, more education, more sophistication and more willingness to experiment. They are optimistic, highly mobile, recreation-minded and family-centered." Along with their sophisticated taste in food is a sophisticated taste in service, running to fancier stores, bigger car parks, Musak and kiddie korrals.

Packaging, said the manufacturers at a NCFM hearing, cannot be a serious issue because they get so few complaints about it. Most women shop by brand rather than by weight and are not interested in comparing prices. Mrs. Blanche M. Stover, food editor of *Parents' Magazine*, confirmed: "We all get the same general comments on industry—its products, its packaging and labeling, its advertising, its service. We know that some women are concerned about unfilled packages, bulky packaging, hard-to-read fine print, weights in fractional ounces, etc. But . . . we have received little adverse criticism of packaging and labeling as it exists today. The reader is much more likely to com-

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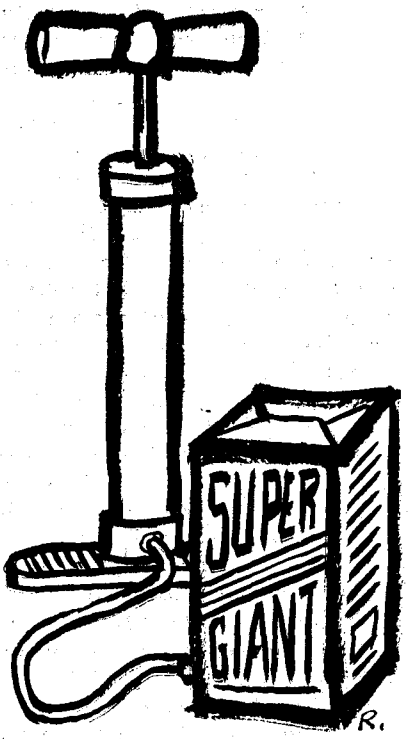

plain that the local store does not yet stock a new food product she has read about in a magazine."

At the Hart subcommittee hearings on truth in packaging, manufacturers could not very well dismiss the issue as of no consequence, so they gave more detailed explanations for the multitude of package sizes, and reinforced these with warnings of what would happen if the industry were forced to standardize quantity. First, such uniformity would not eliminate fractions for the consumer who wants to know the price per pound. Second, it would stifle initiative in developing new products or improved packages. Third, it would lead to increase in costs, in the form of more packaging machines and a proliferation of container sizes, which would probably be passed on to the consumer. Manufacturers had different ideas of what this particular bill would be. The Kellogg Co., for example, estimated that its current volume of production, if packed in standardized sizes, would cost additionally "between $3 and $6 million," not counting the probable loss of business "due to inability to give the consumer the sizes she wants to fit the needs of her family." Collectively, the cost was estimated at tens of millions of dollars which, as Mrs. Newman was quick to point out, is probably what we are currently paying for unstandardized and generally uncalled-for package changes. Last, and just in case there might be grounds for reform, the industry insisted it would be wrong to effect changes by legislation. Properly strengthened and fattened, existing regulatory agencies (particularly the Federal Trade Commission and the Food and Drug Administration) would be quite adequate.

On the question of supermarket economies, at least as they affect consumers, the industry based its case on the harsh necessities of retailing competition, stressing low profit margins, and the large slice consumed by rising wages and fringe benefits. Furthermore, the housewife was surprisingly fickle —not, of course, because she was discontented but because she was exercising her sovereign choice. Robert R. Mueller and George E. Kline, editors of the *Progressive Grocer*, showed that 42 per cent abandoned their favorite store each year, either because they moved, or because they were dissatisfied, mainly because of high prices.

Quite the most noticeable thing about the truth in packaging and NCFM hearings is the staggering contradictions in consumer and industry testimony. Is the consumer, for example, a rational, sovereign buyer, or a confused woman trying to read the small print on the label and doing sums on her fingers? How would the "prowling computer" have made out in Mrs. Nelson's shopping test? Do consumers *really* want the huge variety of foodstuffs offered them, along with jazzy packaging, fancy supermarkets, trading stamps and other promotions? Do women really care about truth in packaging anyway?

A little light on these and other discrepancies can be thrown by the grocery, advertising and packaging trade press where, as Dexter Masters puts it in his *Intelligent Buyer's Guide to Sellers*, business people are more apt to speak their mind. The consumer and her needs are discussed with a good deal less reverence in private than in public. Admen and others have known for many years that the problem of our overstocked economy can be solved only by making people want what is produced rather than by producing what is wanted, and to this end anything goes—from trading stamps to research on the effect of the housewife's menstrual cycle on her purchasing habits.

The result is not necessarily pleasant shopping. A packaging magazine recently admitted that today's supermarket is "a confusing jungle filled with a blur of colors, shapes and noisy jostling people, all contributing to a tense and confusing atmosphere for the shopper. . . . There is no clerk to guide her, the atmosphere is a bit unfriendly, lighting conditions are often poor, she can't find things easily."

The housewife also encounters a good deal of sharp practice. A recent survey by the National Bureau of Standards in Arkansas showed that "more than 80 per cent of prepackaged foods were found to be of short measure." Only last December, Jerry Cohen, staff director and chief counsel for the Senate Judiciary Subcommittee on Anti-Trust and Monopoly, revealed he had interviewed 100 package designers, and "many were discouraged because they were asked to design deceptively."

Industry has also been less than honest about its motives in opposing the packaging bill. Behind stated complaints lurks a mortal terror of government interference. Consumer experts, on the other hand, are adamant that industry should not and could not put its house in order unaided, any more than it should claim to know what the consumer wants better than he knows himself. Mrs. Peterson stated: "If a competing firm institutes a questionable practice and succeeds, then others suffer if they fail to follow, a process which has been called "Gresham's Law of the market place." Existing government machinery is certainly not adequate to cope with the problem. Thirty-three federal agencies are currently engaged in 296 consumer-protection activities, most of which were originally set up by Congress to represent producer interests.

The truth in packaging bill can solve a lot of problems. In its present form it calls for the statement of the net-weight content on the front panel of a package, plus standards for the size and location of the type in which it is set. It prohibits adjectives like "giant," "big" and "jumbo" in the net-weight description; "cents-off" legends as an integral part of a label, and package sizes, shapes, dimensions or pictures that may deceive consumers. It will also establish reasonable standards of weight or size for pack-

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ages, and for declarations of quantity other than net weight (i.e., the meaning of "a serving"), and will require adequate information about the ingredients and composition of the contents in a prominent place on the package.

The bill is not intended to obviate the need for more food standards or to halt the flood of products in today's supermarkets. Nor will it end all the difficulties of the 22 million people who lack an 8th-grade education and may have trouble reading a label, however specific. But it will clear up some of the present confusion. More important, it will save money. At least one supermarket operator estimated that 25 per cent of the family food bill could be saved by more rational shopping. In California alone, consumers could save $25 million a year on food if costs were lowered by just one-half of 1 per cent.

If the bill manages to pass, it will be despite the food industry, whose formidably coordinated national lobby has thrown dust in the public's eye, while keeping the bill corralled in Senate committees. The opposition consists of the Grocery Manufacturers Association, the Chamber of Commerce of the United States and the National Association of Manufacturers, linked by trade press and national, regional and state conferences. Most formidable is the GMA, which links more than 100 national food-processing trade associations, supported by allied industries that sell in supermarkets and, of course, the advertising industry. *Supermarket News* described their lobby thus: "Grocery manufacturers descended on Washington last week and in a VIP turnout before the Senate Commerce Committee blasted the truth in packaging bill in a concerted bid to kill the administration-backed legislation." They lobbied individual Senators. They lobbied in the trade press, sniping at Senator Hart, Mrs. Peterson, and later, the NCFM. They also managed to kill, or postpone, some state truth in packaging bills, e.g., in California.

The latest move is a report designed to help the NCFM get "an accurate picture" of the food industry. To finance it, the GMA dipped into its own kitty and also passed the hat around the advertising agencies and media, applying a little pressure to keep the contributions flowing. James Patton, president of the National Farmers Union, has condemned the whole episode as "shocking" and "deplorable," and filed a complaint with the Department of Justice.

Two massive campaigns aimed at the public in 1964 and 1965 dinned home the message that "food is a bargain." The industry spends a billion dollars a year to advertise its product, and for this it also expects some editorial cooperation. The GMA president "suggested to the publishers that the day was here when their editorial departments and business departments might better understand their interdependency relationships as they contributed to the operating results of their company, and as their operations may affect the advertisers—their bread and butter." First result of this wordy but unmistakable warning was a *Look* magazine article (January 26, 1965), that was almost blatant propaganda for the food industry. Follow-up comment by Senator Hart never saw the light of day; neither did several TV appearances for which he was scheduled, nor an article by William D. Zabel, supporting the bill, and due to be reprinted in *Reader's Digest*.

Against these efforts, the consumer lobby is puny. Lacking time, money and organization, it has made little or no attempt to coordinate the efforts of local consumer councils with national organizations like Consumers Union, National Consumers League, Cooperative League of the USA, AFL-CIO, and the American Home Economics Association. If the bill manages to pass, it will not be mainly due to consumers' efforts. The encouraging thing is that the Administration appears to be behind the bill — a point that was made by Mrs. Peterson last November to the Association of California Consumers, and confirmed by Vice President Hubert Humphrey at a consumer conference in New York last December.

Also pending in Congress is a "truth in lending" bill. Since this would if anything be even more unpopular with the business community, truth in packaging may pass after all.

The Point Beyond Decency . . . Owen Lattimore

Two years ago, at the International Congress of Orientalists in New Delhi, a couple of Soviet delegates made slighting references to American "neo-colonialism." I remember challenging them on this, with the counterproposition that the liquidation of empires has now gone so far that one can properly speak only of post-colonialism. What a fool I made of myself! If a Russian today were to call American policy in Vietnam "neo-colonialism," my only retort would be that he, though a Marxist, couldn't recognize an attempt at outright colonial conquest when he saw it.

This policy has a clear colonial ancestry. After the defeat of Japan, the United States, which during the war had supported Ho Chi Minh (there was no French anti-Japanese resistance in Indo-China to support), swung over step by step to support of the French attempt to restore colonial rule. The critical step was taken by President Truman. It has mostly been forgotten by now that when North Korea invaded South Korea in 1950, Truman did three things, not just one:

(1) He ordered immediate resistance by the American troops already in South Korea. (There were no Russian troops in North Korea.) For this he very quickly got UN support, and it is the one decision that is now remembered.

(2) He interposed the Seventh Fleet between Taiwan and the coast of China. For this he got support from no other country, nor from the UN. The original purpose of this measure was not only to prevent China from taking advantage of the Korean War but to prevent Chiang Kai-shek from enlarging the crisis and involving America by attacking China. This was what "interposing" originally meant. The

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Franklin, Daily Mirror, England: Ben Roth

later antics of "unleashing" and "releashing" Chiang Kai-shek were inventions of the malign genius of John Foster Dulles.

(3) He put America squarely behind the French in Indo-China (which then still included Laos and Cambodia as well as Vietnam). This measure later became, under initiatives taken by Dulles, a policy in which the Americans were more ardent than the French. Its continuation was due to the fact that American aid to France in Europe, under the Marshall Plan, could be juggled to provide enough to keep things going in Vietnam for a few years. With a sure supply of funds from America, a "free world democracy" through which to funnel them, and a politically corrupt area in which to spend them, there is no end to the combinations you can play. From that point on, the American shift from support of a receding French colonialism to entrapment in an all-out attempt at colonial conquest can be traced stage by stage.

The intermediate Eisenhower-Dulles stage may seem obscure, but only because of the means by which Dulles fooled Eisenhower. It is often said that Eisenhower, who had spent his life in the Army, knew enough to restrain his generals in Vietnam. It is more realistic to assume that, having won an election largely by his promise to get out of a "Truman war" in Korea, Eisenhower did not want to risk the label of an "Eisenhower war" in Vietnam. Even so, he was no match for his Secretary of State, whom he trusted too far, as weak Presidents tend to do.

It was Dulles who found Ngo Dinh Diem and installed him in South Vietnam. The clear intention of the Geneva formula of 1954 was to avoid dividing Vietnam, like Korea, into two countries. There was to be, first, a cooling-off period, with the withdrawal of foreign troops, and then an election to determine *how* Vietnam was to be united as one country; not—repeat not—*whether* it was to become two countries. Ngo Dinh Diem, with Dulles behind him, was able to sabotage this intention, even after a Democratic administration had once more been elected in America.

The fatal flaw in the Dulles-Diem ploy was that it trapped America in the squeeze between "rivals" and "enemies." Diem, like Chiang Kai-shek in China before him, was a strong-man nominee in a weak country. Like Chiang before him, he (or his sister-in-law, Madame Ngo Dinh Nhu) realized that when the clamor arose for a more reasonable facsimile of a democratic regime, the danger would be not that America would come to terms with his enemies, the Communists, but that Washington might replace him with some rival—some liberal or moderate who stood a little to his left, but yet far to the right of the Communists. Therefore, like Chiang Kai-shek, he directed the main drive of his police terror against such liberals and moderates. If he could get these potential rivals out of the way he would, with American backing, be able to deal with the Communists "from a position of strength." The tragic result was that, as in China previously, no leadership against the foreign-supported reactionaries was left—except that of the Communists.

The root of the matter is not that North Vietnam has "taken over" the National Liberation movement in the South, but that the South has said to the North: "We have made our fight, we have shed our blood, we have sacrificed our leaders. If you don't come in now, you are no patriots, and every anti-imperialist in Vietnam will despise you."

We come then to the present stage, in which our forces committed to South Vietnam grow nearer and nearer to half a million men, and the "free world" head of its government we are nominally backing is a swashbuckler who says that what the country needs is "half a dozen Hitlers." We are now at the point Japan reached when Manchuria had been conquered, "Manchukuo" had been established (that "bulwark against Bolshevism" of blessed memory), and the question was whether to escalate the war into China south of the Great Wall. In those days a Scottish missionary friend of mine interviewed a Japanese Christian who had just been installed as mayor of Mukden. He pleaded with the Japanese that surely there must be a possibility of putting an end to the bloodshed. Surely, if reasonable compromise could be offered, there would be moderate, progressive Chinese who would be willing to work with Japan for a stable, prosperous Manchuria.

The Japanese Christian paced the room. Then he said: "If we tried to work with any such Chinese, we would only have to shoot them within a month or two." The meaning is plain. You reach a point where decent-minded people, because they are decent-minded, have to resist, or sabotage, or evade your policy.

We have reached that point in Vietnam, and what we now confront is our own imperialism, and the ghastly showdown in which decent-minded people prefer Communist leadership to our patronage and our napalm.

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The Compleat Cold Warrior

THE FREE WORLD COLOSSUS: A Critique of American Foreign Policy in the Cold War. By David Horowitz. Hill and Wang. 451 pp. $6.95.

Arnold S. Kaufman

When men engage in conflict, the first casualties are integrity and truth. As the scope of conflict enlarges, the costs increase. The heaviest price exacted by the cold war has been the moral contamination of people. Perhaps one should accept the toll with reflective calm. David Horowitz has refused to do so. The result is a book that describes and interprets the history of the cold war in a way that challenges, excites, provokes, angers and inspires. Horowitz has written a sincere and important book, which says much that desperately needs saying in these times of madness. (A casual perusal of Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.'s relatively sympathetic discussion of the way the Vietnam crisis evolved during the Kennedy administration reveals the extent to which this madness penetrated the official Establishment. See Chapters 20 and 37 in *A Thousand Days.*) It is more the pity that Horowitz's work is not strongly reasoned; that he succumbs to some of the same sorts of mistakes which he correctly imputes to the cold warriors in and out of government.

Horowitz's basic thesis is that American leaders are almost entirely responsible for the origin, intensification and perpetuation of the cold war. This is so because "the early post-war power situation was such as to give the United States a near monopoly on the *strategic* decisions which would affect the basic structure of international relations in the post-war period." By contrast, Russian rulers "were bound by the same imbalance of power to make moves of primarily *tactical* significance." This is a viewpoint already advanced by such scholars as D. F. Fleming, William A. Williams and Isaac Deutscher. Along with Walter Lippmann, these are the men to whom Horowitz acknowledges a special debt.

Given his basic assumption, the question to which the author properly addresses himself is why the American Government has pursued cold-war policies in the way it has. His explanation is offered in the course of a sometimes repetitious examination of the different stages and aspects of the making of American foreign policy during the last two decades. What gradually emerges are the assumptions Horowitz believes have controlled decision making at every critical juncture in that tortuous journey. Though he nowhere states them briefly, and in sequence, it is worth doing so. Taken together, they constitute an ideological profile of the Complete Cold Warrior.

¶ An international Communist conspiracy exists. Polycentric tendencies are illusory. The ultimate aims of the conspiracy are unchangeably aggressive.

¶ In the short run, America's vital interests require that these aggressive forces be restrained. In the long run, communism must be destroyed.

¶ Quite independently of their aggressive intent, Communist powers are morally vicious. As President Truman put it when he announced the doctrine that bears his name, "One way of life is . . . freedom. The other, terror and oppression."

¶ The destruction of communism can be achieved through a policy of military containment. For the Communists practice tyranny so gross that, if their destructive energies are not permitted to flow out, they must be turned against their own people. They will thereby sow the seeds of their own destruction.

¶ The free world must be prepared to use any means required to achieve the desired end. The forces of Communist darkness are so black that no effective policy can be more heinous than the evil it is directed against.

¶ The protection of freedom against Communist threat comes out of the barrel of a gun. Force is the only instrument on which the free world can, in the end, rely. It is the only thing the Communists understand.

¶ Programs of social and economic aid are justified only if they reinforce military containment. Military containment, in turn, requires nuclear kill capacity many times over. It also requires that we make it very clear to the enemy that, for aggressors, there can be no sanctuary.

¶ Any sign of weakness in the deployment of our massive military might is tantamount to appeasement on the model of Munich. Moreover, as President Kennedy once put it, "that which serves to unite us (America and its allies) is right, and what tends to divide us is wrong."

¶ Conditions of social instability in the underdeveloped countries invariably provide the cunning Communists with opportunities to subvert nationalist revolutionary movements. Though we should support stabilizing reformist tendencies, we should always and everywhere oppose left-wing revolutionary forces—even if effective opposition requires intervention in the affairs of other nations.

¶ Liberal democracies are inherently vulnerable to Communist subversion. We must ruthlessly guard against this possibility, even if it requires that we weaken institutional protections normally accorded political dissent. McCarthy's errors were tactical, not strategic.

¶ In the end, our cause is just. Our ultimate aims are personal freedom and national self-determination. We have no right to interfere in the affairs of any other nation except on grounds of self-defense. But, as Communist subversion or aggression invariably threatens our vital interest, the U.S. is always entitled to move against existing threat in every way possible, provided only the move promises to be effective. (Thus, the House of Representatives on September 20 passed, by overwhelming majority, Rep. Armstead I. Selden, Jr.'s resolution giving legitimacy to the unilateral use of force by any nation which considers itself threatened by "international communism, directly or indirectly.")

I believe these points fairly represent the views that Horowitz imputes to America's ruling elites. He thinks that almost every major postwar foreign-policy decision can be understood in terms of one or more of these assumptions, and he attempts to show, with relentless, scholarly persistence that this is so. His specific arguments are always provocative, frequently persuasive, and occasionally overwhelming: especially so when he discusses the Truman Doctrine and the Potsdam conference, the evolution of the Atlantic Alliance and how we got our-

Arnold S. Kaufman, associate professor of philosophy at Michigan University, is spending a year at Tuskegee Institute. He was one of the founders of the teach-in movement.

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selves into the Cuban mess. At least part of his analysis of the Kennedy administration's response to the Cuban missile crisis is spectacularly confirmed by Schlesinger's recent admission that with at least a "2 to 1 superiority in nuclear power targeted against the Soviet Union, *the shift in military balance of power would be less crucial than that in the political balance.*" (*A Thousand Days*, emphasis added.) Whether the complete cold warrior is anywhere to be found in all his pristine idiocy in the official Establishment, Horowitz seems to me to have established beyond doubt that a host of his near relatives have been hard at work shaping, subverting and distorting policies to make them conform to their ideological prejudices.

It is regrettable that there is much in this provocative and important book that makes it vulnerable to legitimate criticism. For example, Horowitz describes President Truman as having a "basic McCarthyist orientation." Whatever deficiences this vastly overrated President may have had, however inept and erosive his efforts may have been to counter the *political threat* posed by McCarthyism, he was no McCarthyite. Horowitz makes it seem as if Averell Harriman is one of the complete cold warriors; but this characterization is simply inconsistent with many of Harriman's actions, not least his lonely efforts to persuade President Kennedy to give the Russians more time to respond to the impending blockade during the missile crisis. Horowitz roundly and rightly condemns many of President Kennedy's actions—especially his Bay of Pigs adventure. But he devotes not a word to the fact that President Kennedy did draw back from hurling our air power at Cuba during that disaster; not a word about his farsighted efforts to negotiate a settlement between the Indonesians and the Dutch; not a word about the Peace Corps; nothing about the support he gave the Bosch regime in the Dominican Republic; in short, very little attention to anything that tends to confirm what I think is in fact the case—that Kennedy was a most ambivalent cold warrior. On balance, he was trying to bring American public opinion to recognition of some of the realities of the contemporary international scene. Curiously, of the four Presidents who have held office since Roosevelt, it is Eisenhower who comes through Horowitz's mill in best shape. This is to come perilously near to *reductio ad absurdum*.

But it the author's more systematic errors that are most damaging. There are at least three pervasive theoretical distortions.

Horowitz has naive notions about how historical intent is to be established. For example, he claims that by 1946 the United States had already "decided" to use its productive capacity exclusively as an instrument of power politics. This is a simplistic account of what has in fact been an extraordinarily complicated national response to the plight of the world's needy. It's an example of the "nothing but . . ." fallacy. Aid to India, the Peace Corps, the Alliance for Progress, the decision to ransom the Cuban prisoners, aid to Indonesia, aid to the Congo, to Algeria, to Egypt, to Israel, to Chile—all are *nothing-but* instruments of power politics in the cold war. No doubt this factor is an indispensable condition of all these measures, but not enough. The fundamental logical distinction between a necessary and a sufficient condition is one with which Horowitz seems to have little acquaintance. Moreover, just as cold warriors often adopt a rhetoric of benevolence in order to justify certain kinds of aid they actually endorse on cold-war grounds, so a good deal of genuine benevolence has been masked by the rhetoric of the cold war in order to make proposals acceptable to our "political realists." Crusty experts like Hans Morgenthau and Senator Fulbright have often tried to conceal warmheartedness beneath a blanket of coldly prudential words.

A second basic defect of the book is the extent to which Horowitz fails to understand that much of the antagonistic reaction to Stalin's Russia was due both to the nature of Stalinism, and to the experiences many good people had with domestic communism during the thirties. It would be entirely reasonable for Africans to mistrust America's Rhodesian and South African policies solely on the ground that we are still a predominantly racist society. By and large, our Negro citizens are still second class politically, economically, educationally and socially—and we have only begun to dismantle the institutional system that perpetuates their condition. Similarly, it was not, after all, maniacal for American leaders, and many others, to mistrust Stalin's Russia solely on the ground that his regime was a barbaric tyranny. The relationship between domestic vice and foreign policy is cruelly intimate — especially when the tyranny operates a substantial military establishment.

Moreover, it was reasonable to sup-

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pose that those who had called the tunes to which American Communists performed their acrobatic dances during the thirties were not men in whose good faith one could place much confidence. Ideologically, a monolithic international Communist conspiracy — that is what it was at the time—*was* a potential aggressor. One could not have any confidence that once the havoc of the war had been repaired, aggressive communism would not rampage. It is true that these early cold warriors often had crudely oversimplified notions about the imperviousness of Communist systems to change. But ideological naïveté of this sort was more than matched by those who persistently apologized for the viciousness of the Stalinist regime.

These remarks are not meant to imply that American policies were consistently justified, and certainly not that they were consistently correct. But neither were they consistently and exclusively the result of bad will and stupidity. There is a difference between being correct and being justified. And many of the policy decisions that have, in the aspect of history, proved to be incorrect were, all the same, more or less justified on the basis of existing knowledge and in terms of acceptable moral standards. Horowitz seems reluctant even to consider this possibility.

The third basic defect of his book is perhaps the most important. Horowitz, like so many persons of the New Left here and abroad, simply fails to understand or appreciate what may be called "the normal political process" in the United States. The point is important because many actions that can be interpreted as impenetrably self-*defeating expressions* of the cold-war philosophy betray not the historical intent of leaders as much as the collective intent—or at least apparent intent—of very large and influential portions of the population to whom politicians are responsive. For leaders will often act not as they want but as they *think* they must. In so doing they may, no doubt, often be at fault—but the fault is of a different kind than that which Horowitz imputes to American politicians. For the defects lie not in their views about the threat of communism but in the power, or apparent power, to which they feel they must subordinate their actions, and in their conception of how much submission to that pressure "political realism" permits.

The vagaries of the normal process were strikingly revealed by the government's actions during the Dominican crisis. A sequence of events that Theodore Draper has described as "a kind of political phantasmagoria that would make anyone dizzy, actors as well as onlookers" has, at the moment, brought to power a Boschite, Hector Garcia-Godoy, who is "no puppet and no reactionary" (*Commentary*, December, "The Dominican Crisis"). The present Administration's Kennedy-like ambivalence is ironically dramatized by the fact that at the very moment McGeorge Bundy was trying to restore the constitutional Bosch regime to power in the Dominican Republic, he was heavily under attack from two quarters: a few understandably credulous participants at the National Teach-In in Washington were accusing Bundy of fearfully reneging on his commitments to address the teach-in; and certain State Department *aficionados* (not, mind you, Pentagon people) were double-crossing Bundy by undermining the compromise solution to which he had secured Bosch's agreement. Thus, according to Draper, the same Bundy who is one of the architects of our Vietnam disaster, is the only person to have emerged from the Dominican fiasco with "dignity and honor." Anyone who honestly tries to discover a coherently malevolent cold-war logic in all of this is, like Job, doomed to moan: "How long will ye vex my soul, and break me in pieces with words?"

Oddly, C. Wright Mills understood all of this in his more reflective moments. He knew that, in the long run, the correctness of American foreign policy depends on the quality of American civilization; and that the quality of our civilization in turn depends largely on the extent to which men of reason and morality can permeate and reshape existing institutional arrangements. A formidable task, no doubt, but not one we have the right to abandon in fits of frustrated rage either at pusillanimous "liberals" or at romantic "radicals." Instead, we must persist in the coldly reflective search for concrete steps which, though they may not achieve anything as dramatic as "building a movement," have some prospect of making more and more Americans acknowledge the truth about our foreign policy.

C. Wright Mills did not always conform to his image of the responsible intellectual. Few do. Horowitz is often sadly deficient. But when I compare his driving determination to expose the network of lies, half truths, distortions, logical fallacies, irrelevantly patriotic appeals, and the old-fashioned ignorance which presently enmeshes the American people in a Vietnam adventure as viciously immoral and imprudent as any large-scale endeavor on which this nation has ever embarked; when I confront first hand what often passes for governmental expertise; I can only conclude that Horowitz's thesis is in balance more correct and better reasoned than prevailing official alternatives. But this conviction does not prevent me also from regretting the frequent weakness of his reasoning and, consequently, the diminished effectiveness of his arguments.

Roundheads and Bluenoses

THE REVOLUTION OF THE SAINTS: A Study in the Origins of Radical Politics. By Michael Walzer. Harvard University Press. 334 pp. $6.95.

W. Warren Wagar

"My only object," says Michael Walzer in *The Revolution of the Saints*, "is to make Puritan radicalism, so unattractive to my contemporaries, humanly comprehensible." This he has done superbly well. And it is no light undertaking for a member of the editorial board of *Dissent*. The modern radical instinctively looks on the Puritan radical with loathing and disgust. We conjure up nightmare visions of flint-faced Presbyterian tycoons and generals decreeing preventive nuclear war against godless world communism with all the fanaticism of resurrected Roundheads. We call to mind that long line of Puritan bluenoses who have been telling us these many years what books we may or may not read, what drinks we may or may not imbibe, with whom we may or may not sleep. Following Max Weber, we discover profound connections between the Calvinist ethic and modern cutthroat capitalism. Even the familiar argument, disseminated by G. P. Gooch and others, that in Calvinism lie many of the roots of liberalism and democracy does not really help. We are not sym-

W. Warren Wagar teaches modern European intellectual history at Wellesley College. His most recent book is H. G. Wells: Journalism and Prophecy 1893-1946. (*Houghton Mifflin Co.*).

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pathetic. "Calvinist saintliness," as Walzer himself admits, "has scarred us all."

According to the Walzer thesis, in contradistinction to the Weber thesis, Calvinism bears little direct responsibility for the "spirit of capitalism," but it does deserve recognition as the first outbreak of political radicalism in history. The 20th-century radical is asked to put aside his prejudices and regard the Puritan of the Reformation era as a spiritual forefather. Like the Jacobins and Bolsheviks of later centuries, the Puritans developed "a politics of party organization and methodical activity, opposition and reform, radical ideology and revolution." They were men of a transitional epoch, a time of troubles, who responded to the disintegration of the old order by supplying disaffected gentry with a new faith. Anticipating the millennial ambitions of Jacobinism and Marxism, the Puritan faith sought to make the world over again. In place of the easy performance of tasks appointed by tradition, it called for a new, hard, egalitarian, impersonal discipline and a life of unremitting toil. The saints, working through state and church, would have made a world without love, beauty or leisure, but also a world of justice and righteousness, as good in God's eyes as life on earth could be. In a word, the politics of Puritanism was a radical politics.

The proper place to begin any study of Puritanism is the mind of John Calvin, and Walzer provides a lucid summary of Calvin's political ideas. He will irritate Calvinist scholars by preferring to see the founder of their faith as "a French refugee intellectual caught up in Genevan politics . . . not primarily a theologian or a philosopher but an ideologist." Calvin had little to offer in the way of new theological insights. Walzer seems to imply that he played Lenin to Luther's Marx. His real contribution was his radical expression of discontent with the traditional order, and his subordination of the problem of personal salvation to the collective effort of building a new heavenly order on earth. Luther's church was a sanctuary raised on native soil; Calvin's was a church militant dominated by exiles and refugees, pilgrims and crusaders, strangers to one another, bent on world conquest.

Most of Walzer's book is devoted to a study of the "ideology" of English Puritanism, traced from the thought of the Marian exiles in Geneva down to the beginning of the Civil War. Puritanism carried on the work of Calvin in a spirit rather more authentic than that of the Huguenots of Calvin's own country. Whereas in French Calvinism, the principal thinkers were lay saints who combined Calvinist ideas of duty and discipline with traditional medieval constitutionalism and sought, in a sense, to breathe new life into political feudalism, the leadership of the English movement was quickly seized by ministers, who functioned as a radical intelligentsia and indoctrinated elements of the rising gentry with a pure and rigorous Calvinist *Weltanschauung*. When the opportunity for revolutionary action finally appeared, leadership passed to gentlemen and soldiers, but the Puritan ministry had done its work well, over a span of ninety years. Parliament and Cromwell became the instruments for giving practical effect to the Puritan program for national reformation. As one Puritan minister, Thomas Case, charged the Commons in 1641:

> *Reformation must be universal. Reform all places, all persons and callings; reform the benches of judgement, the inferior magistrates. . . . Reform the universities, reform the cities, reform the countries, reform inferior schools of learning, reform the Sabbath, reform the ordinances, the worship of God . . . you have more work to do than I can speak. . . . Every plant which my heavenly father hath not planted shall be rooted up.*

Although the author may somewhat exaggerate the affinities between modern ideology and the Puritan program, he is not otherwise on the side of the modernists in the scholarly debate concerning the modernity of the Calvinist Reformation. In its form and energies, Puritanism may have had the character of modern radicalism, but he insists that its basic inspiration was exclusively religious. The Marxist line is rejected, despite a good word for the books of Christopher Hill. The Weber-Tawney thesis fares no better. In the tradition of Werner Sombart, H. M. Robertson and many others, Walzer points out that although the Puritans gave new dignity and urgency to work, they inveighed as much as anyone against profiteering, usury and the lures of Mammon. They did not regard great private wealth as a sign of election, and they counseled against giving too much attention to commercial enterprise. They may have delayed rather than encouraged the development of capitalism in England. Nor, as Walzer correctly observes, did the Puritans make any theoretical contribution to liberalism. For Tudor-Stuart tyranny they proposed to substitute a tyranny of their own, a medicine more fatal to human freedom than the disease it promised to cure. If in many ways Puritanism acted unwittingly as a modernizing force, it was not itself modern. Its purpose was to bring heaven down to earth. The Puritan divine, gentleman and warrior did battle for God, and not for any human goal.

This is a solid book, of sound scholarship and rich with historical insight. Its comparisons between Puritanism and modern radicalism are nothing dazzlingly new, and one may wonder if the Joachitic and Anabaptist sects discussed in Norman Cohn's *Pursuit of the Millennium* do not deserve to be considered as the first expressions of political radicalism in Western history, although they were clearly less "political" than Puritanism. But *The Revolution of the Saints* is a valuable and sophisticated study of the political ideas of English Calvinism, worth all the agonizing efforts to achieve true historical empathy which it must have cost its author.

He ends on a nostalgic note. Puritanism after 1660 went the way of Bolshevism after the death of Lenin, and there are some effective quotations from one of the last poems of Sergei Esenin. One may feel the same wistfulness about the decline of political radicalism in this country since 1945. The swords lie rusty. The old battle cries are heard no more. "What a misfit I've become/ . . . I feel a foreigner in my land."

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Graham Greene's Bonbon du Bon

THE COMEDIANS. By Graham Greene. The Viking Press. 309 pp. $5.75.

Alan Cheuse

Comedy writers, says Aristotle, are evil speakers and telltales. Graham Greene, by that definition, has been a comedian for years. With his right hand he spins button-lipped mysteries such as *The Third Man.* With his left he creates the lambent malevolence of the razor gang of *Brighton Rock*, that original *bonbon du mal.* In addition to his continuing skill for depicting the violent underworld of racketeers and espionage, and his forthright dramatizations of an orthodox vision of a world where sin is a necessary part of the human condition, he has recently widened his fictional universe to encompass revolutionary politics. The first hint came in *The Quiet American,* that angry, sometimes even hysterical, portrayal of a love rivalry between a British reporter and a CIA agent in pre-Johnsonian Vietnam. Fowler, the news writer, puts his rival, Pyle, out of the way by collaborating with the Vietminh.

Greene, in this new novel which deals with life among the resistant and acquiescent elements — native, English and American—in contemporary Haiti, has drawn upon both aspects of his unique talent to produce the most interesting novel of his career. It lacks the passion of *The Power and the Glory*; also, the colorful landscape of Hispaniola seems to have been slighted by the same Greene who has made so much of every other country he has used. The writer has other concerns. His heretofore narrow moral view has widened to include new elements, some hopeful, others pessimistic. This marks a turning point in the artistic life of a man who could have been called a "mature" writer a decade ago. *The Comedians* will force critics to open the lids of their boxes labeled "Greene, Graham," and take a fresh look.

"The Comedians" are those who, at first, try to adjust to the barbarous Duvalier bureaucracy by day, and the nighttime terrorism of his secret police, the dark-spectacled "Bogymen" Tontons Macoute. Brown, the middle-aged narrator, born in Monaco, with a background of writing War Office propaganda and huckstering "modern" art, arrives in Haiti to see his mother who wills to him the major interest in a Port-au-Prince hotel. Suddenly a "capitalist," Brown has an accompanying vision of success:

> *One night I had looked out of my window at two in the morning. There was a great yellow moon and a girl was making love in the pool. She had her breasts pressed against the side and I couldn't see the man behind her. She didn't notice me watching her; she didn't notice anything. That night I thought before I slept, "I have arrived."*

But the totalitarian climate counteracts for potential tourists the lure of rum punches and voodoo dances staged at the poolside. Brown decides to sell. On the voyage back from New York, after an unsuccessful attempt at dumping the property, he meets "Major" Jones, an entertaining fellow who boasts of a past of guerrilla warfare against the Japanese and hints of a current mission to the Haitian Government. To the team of Brown and Jones is added Smith—who ran for the United States Presidency in 1948 on the Vegetarian ticket. Smith and his wife are also on a mission. Innocent of current politics, they want the Duvalier regime to sponsor a Vegetarian Center. ("Eliminate acidity," says ex-Freedom Rider Smith, "and you give a kind of elbow room to the conscience.")

Brown suspects Jones's real motives. He wonders, "Are you and I both comedians?" Brown, Jones and Smith are seen as "interchangeable like comic masks in a farce." When the cast grows, more clowns, the worldly impotent, enter. About his love affair with Martha, the wife of a diplomat stationed in Port-au-Prince, Brown says: ". . . neither of us would die for love. . . . We belonged to the world of comedy and not of tragedy." He also shares with her husband the view that their common Jesuit education allows them to see "the kind of part" they play. Philipot, the poet nephew of a Duvalier minister (whose corpse replaces the revelers in Brown's swimming pool), interprets his life through the same metaphor: "Wasn't I a comedian with my verses smelling of *Fleurs du mal . . .*?" And Brown's mother, from her deathbed, asks, "What part are you playing now?"

> *I suppose* [Brown thinks] *I was playing a part—the part of an Englishman . . . of a responsible businessman . . . the act belonged too closely to the theatre of farce.*

The comedy is not merely confined to character. Prophylactics are substituted for balloons at a shipboard party. Jones escapes from the vicious Tontons Macoute — themselves grotesque parodies of movie extras or hipsters behind their dark lenses—in the dress of a Latin call girl; Smith passes himself off as Truman's major 1948 election opponent. Such incidents paint Greene's usually more sober face with comic lines.

But beneath the new effects Greene is still the captive of one theme: how innocence prevents one from becoming eligible for salvation. Even if the world is run by faithless comedians—men without religion or politics—one must join it; one must commit the "necessary" sin of living a conscious life. The uninspected life is not worth saving. Pyle, the "quiet" American, may have caused many deaths through his clandestine activities, but he never felt the bite of culpability. Thus Greene made him out to be the real evil presence in that novel. (Pyle is murdered. Fowler keeps the mistress they were vying for, but for his complicity in the American's death he lives in a kind of purgatory on earth, wishing that there was someone to whom he could say he was "sorry.") Martha, Brown's mistress, is *not* a "comedian" because, Brown reasons, "she had kept the virtue of her innocence." She loves her repulsive son, puts on no act for her lover, and not until Brown, unable to bear her innocence, badgers her into saying that she has slept with Jones does she ever lie to him.

By the novel's end, all the "comedians" have become revolutionary actors. Brown and Jones commit themselves to the rebel movement in the hills, Jones to the death. Young Philipot has gone into guerrilla training and Brown's hotel man, Joseph, goes with him. Martha's husband has opened his embassy to its first political refugees. Even the seemingly innocent Smiths eventually set out on their own course of subversion (and emerge as the most admirable of the many Americans whom Greene has portrayed, despite their eccentricity).

There is only one "straight" actor;

Alan Cheuse, formerly an editor of Studies On The Left, *now lives in Mexico.*

Coming

A response by David Horowitz to Arnold S. Kaufman's review of his *The Free World Colossus*; and a reply by Mr. Kaufman.

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he is the retiring Marxist Doctor Magiot. Previously tolerated by the government as an ideological gesture toward potential friends in the East, he is gunned down by the Tontons Macoute when the American ambassador returns to Haiti. Nowhere is the meaning of the novel's action more clearly implied than in a letter written just before he dies which Brown receives after the murder. His radical commitment to a new Haiti, Magiot writes, has not been composed only of materialist theory but also of a *mystique*, a humanist faith. He is not afraid to act because: "I would rather have blood on my hands than water like Pilate." The richness of the novel's denouement, of the entire narrative, really, is the result of such political variations on Greene's old theme.

Ex-capitalist Brown toys with the idea that the "comedians" are the only truly committed, to

> *. . . the whole world of evil and of good, to the wise and to the foolish, to the indifferent and to the mistaken. We have chosen nothing except to go on living. . . .*

But he dismisses this version of the truth. His act of daring on behalf of the insurgents has given him the perspective to see beyond false philosophies. After crossing the border into the Dominican Republic, he applies for a job as caterer-manager to an American mining company. He badly fails the interview. The American, he later tells the sympathetic Smith:

> *. . . assumed I was a communist. . . . Because the Tontons were after me. Papa Doc* [Duvalier], *you remember, is a bulwark against communism. And insurgents, of course, is a dirty word. I wonder how President Johnson would deal with something like the French Resistance. . . .*

(Greene points out clearly how America's militant anti-communism, like a medieval *auto-da-fe*, sullies almost beyond redemption her admirable ideals.)

The author's continuing pessimism has led to the farcical atmosphere and despairing comic tone. Surely Brown speaks for Greene when early in the novel he declares:

> *. . . it was only my sense of humour that enabled me to believe in Him. . . .*

The radical politics, paradoxically joined with that pessimistic view, rather than alleviating the suffering merely intensifies the pain. Beyond innocence, after dissembling and fakery are dispensed with, having fled from the dark inferno of Haiti's (read "Hades") public life, Brown has merely raised his torment to a higher level. His vision of poolside voluptuousness has been replaced by a view of the world "as a great plain," and he is "walking and walking on the interminable flats." Purgatory! The cosmic joke remains: only "Death is a proof of sincerity."

And God is revealed by the conclusion to be "an authoritative practical joker." Haunted by a dream of "Major" Jones playing his revolutionary role in the style of an English music-hall comedian, Brown finds work as a funeral director's assistant in Santo Domingo.

This *Commedia* is more satanic than Divine. Brown's stand on the side of social justice has not saved him from an end that reeks with the irony of our time. It has, rather, led him there. *Pacem*, Aristotle. This is closer to tragedy than anything Graham Greene has written.

Contra Sontag

AGAINST INTERPRETATION: And Other Essays. By Susan Sontag. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 304 pp. $4.95.

Charles Thomas Samuels

Susan Sontag is a writer of rare energy and provocative newness, sustained by an intimidating if arcane erudition. Even when her methods are questionable she gives fresh drama to a cast of players that fills the quarterlies with predictable performances of moderate acuity and suavely lucid prose.

But how does she perform? And in behalf of what conception of the critic's role?

Miss Sontag's ideas about art and criticism are most fully developed in the title essay of her collection and in a piece "On Style": (1) Art is formal and meaningful only through its form. (2) Modern critics are fixated on content even though they proclaim their belief that content and form are inseparable. (3) This fixation with content leads to the technique of interpretation that ignores what she calls art's "voluptuousness." And (4), as a result, we need "in place of a hermeneutics . . . an erotics of art."

Thus armed, Miss Sontag sets forth to do battle against interpretation; but there is something oddly superfluous about her attack.

Where has she been since the advent of I. A. Richards, Panofsky or B. H. Haggin, to mention some originative or practical critics of several arts? Who can she be talking about when she asserts that "most people assume . . . interpretation is . . . an absolute value, a gesture of mind situated in some timeless realm of capabilities"? Does she confine her critical reading to Bosley Crowther and Charles Poore? If not, why does she trouble to confute "the prevalence of genteel-moralistic judgments in a contemporary literary (and film) criticism"?

Yet one could accept her book as an exercise in theory (discounting the polemical tone as high spirits) were her theoretical statements clearer and more intimately related to her practice. To begin with, what does she mean by "interpretation"? She offers a definition ("a conscious act of the mind which illustrates a certain code, certain 'rules' "), but she never tells us what the code is or why its rules are objectionable. Moreover, since she defines "style" as "the set of rules" by which "the will plays with itself" (whatever that means), it is a little difficult to see why she should be so formalistic when talking of art, and so free-spirited when attacking the formalistic nature of criticism. Nor by citing Marx and Freud as examples of the interpretive spirit which stifles the modern age does she identify the movement she disdains.

Insofar as she is clear, she is against an unarguably naive tendency toward reading things allegorically, and she violates her crotchets when she engages a work of art. She damns "the modern style of interpretation . . . [which] . . . digs 'behind' the text, to find a subtext which is the true one," and then analyzes *Blues for Mr. Charlie* to show

"A brilliant presentation."—Rev. Russell Way, St. James Church, Cambridge. The latest book by W. F. Luder (whose preceding book *One Pearl of Great Price* was called by the Christian Herald a "monumental novel") exposes the fallacy of the "New Morality" and offers a positive alternative:

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"a rather complex displacement of the play's true subject." She has nothing but scorn for critics who apply the test of imitation, yet she finds that Chaplin's *The Great Dictator* is "painfully, insultingly inadequate to the reality it purports to represent."

Her method of argument combines loosely asserted connections and the sort of historical survey with which tired professors are likely to regale their undergraduates. In the title essay there is a passage illustrating both traits:

> *At least since Diderot, the main tradition of criticism in all the arts, appealing to such apparently dissimilar criteria as verisimilitude and moral correctness, in effect treats the work of art* as a statement being made in the form of a work of art.
>
> *To treat works of art in this fashion is not wholly irrelevant. But it is, obviously, putting art to use—for such purposes as inquiring into the history of ideas, diagnosing contemporary culture, or creating social solidarity.*

At least since Diderot. Miss Sontag likes this method of introducing a topic: "In the modern tradition (roughly, Rousseau forward) . . ."; "The culture-heroes of our liberal bourgeois civilization are anti-liberal and anti-bourgeois. . ."; (this last in a 1½ page piece on Simone Weil). There is something so pleasantly organized about it, particularly when one can authorize the generalization with an exemplary culture symbol.

apparently dissimilar criteria as verisimilitude and moral correctness. Why "apparently"? Do we talk of *Dubliners* and *Germinal* in the same way, though one depicts a social actuality and one moralizes it? And don't the dissimilar styles and intentions of these books demand different critical responses?

To treat works of art in this fashion is not wholly irrelevant. But it is, obviously, putting art to use. If not wholly irrelevant, shouldn't some notion of its relevancy be set forth, and shouldn't that relevancy qualify the impassioned attack against interpretation which is Miss Sontag's *raison d'être*? "Obviously" is made to do the work of argument, but it is nothing more than innuendo. And don't artists themselves put art to use for the purposes, among others, which Miss Sontag lists?

The "new critics" argued all this decades ago, and they did it with more philosophical sophistication and more careful consideration of texts than Miss Sontag does with her lists of approved modern fringe thinkers (Artaud, McLuhan, et al.) and obscure works of art (Franju's *Le Sang des Bêtes*, Noël Burch's *Noviciat*, etc.).

Her affirmations are no more persuasive than her attacks. To revise the putative fashion for overvaluing content, Miss Sontag proposes a simple reversal, as if we could improve critical discourse by simply turning an error on its head. "In art," she tells us " 'content' is, as it were, the pretext, the goal, the lure which engages consciousness in essentially *formal* processes of transformation." When she writes "the sense in which a work of art has no content is no different from the sense in which the world has no content. Both are. Both need no justification," there rings the rusty clangor of MacLeish.

No wonder Miss Sontag rejects evaluation along with interpretation. Her god is love. Though she toughly asserts "I don't, ultimately, care about handing out grades to works of art," she is liberal with As. In an intellectual milieu marked by exquisite acts of differentiation and a powerful tendency to exclude, Miss Sontag has won fame by equating art with existence and proclaiming herself the liberator of the sensibility to new sources of pleasure.

Which makes it all the more puzzling to see how careful she is to deny any vulgar delight in thrills when once she begins making a case for something she enjoys. Celebrating "Jack Smith's *Flaming Creatures*" [*The Nation*, April 13, 1964], she initially declares that it is difficult to advocate a film full of "close-ups of limp penises and bouncing breasts [with] shots of masturbation and oral sexuality. . . ." But, given her theories about art, one is surprised to find her casting a veil over her responses: "Rather than being sentimental or lustful, Smith's images of sex are alternately childlike and witty." How ingeniously the arguments that the film is not pornographic jostle the ingenuous glee that it is: "In *Flaming Creatures*, amateurishness of technique is not frustrating, as it is in so many other recent 'underground' films. For Smith is visually very generous; at practically every moment there is simply a tremendous amount to see. . . ." Only a critic as absolutely humorless as Miss Sontag could have perpetrated this howling example of misplaced pomp:

> *One great virtue of the pop-art movement is the way it blasts through the old imperative about taking a* position *toward one's subject matter . . . there are some elements of life — above all, sexual pleasure—about which it isn't necessary to have a position* (emphasis hers).

Her rare analyses of art works are invariably surprising in view of her theories. Perhaps the best such essay in the book is the review of Ionesco: at least here she provides valuable insights into her subject and designates serious critical issues concerning his ultimate worth. As she asserts, Ionesco's "plays are not 'about' meaninglessness. They are attempts to use meaninglessness theatrically." For that reason, Ionesco should be a prime example of the new art she seeks to promote. But the conclusion of her review judges that Ionesco is less great than Brecht, Genet and Beckett because he does not share their "full-bloodedness . . . grandeur and relevance."

What is one to make of a critic so intellectually armored, yet so vulnerable? Exactly what Miss Sontag avows in her prefatory note: "What I have been writing is not criticism at all, strictly speaking, but case studies for an aesthetic, a theory of my own sensibility." If we substitute "attitudes" for "case studies" and "reflection" for "theory" we can begin to estimate her positive contribution.

In her famous essay, "Notes on 'Camp,' " she anatomizes more than a fashion in contemporary taste. In notes which reveal a fundamental impatience with intellectual work (ingenuously defended on the ground that one cannot catch a "fugitive sensibility" in "a linear, consecutive argument"), she makes a claim, belied by her jottings, that she is describing rather than advocating. Yet her expostulation ex cathedra about sex ("the most refined form of sexual attractiveness [as well as the most refined form of sexual pleasure] consists in going against the grain of one's sex") virtually duplicates the epicene flavor she acknowledges in "camp." More seriously, her analysis of "camp" culminates in an excuse for it on grounds which are morally presumptuous. "Camp" taste, she says, is a kind of love for human nature; "camp" feeling is "tender." Receptivity to "camp" is an antidote for those serious souls who are poisoned by "high culture and the high style of evaluating people."

Miss Sontag is less a critic or an aesthetician than she is a publicist with a subtlety and flair suitable for an epoch in which nothing but the

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recherché and novel will serve. Reading her reminds me of coming from the metaphysical poets, Emily Dickinson or T. S. Eliot, onto the long lines and rhapsodic lists of Walt Whitman. Indeed, it is not surprising that the shift in artistic purpose which is signaled in the post-Whitmanian poets, and which should have affected even the legitimate heir of the metaphysical-Eliot line (Lowell), should now make itself felt in criticism.

I don't think we need react to this phenomenon with Miss Sontag's "voracious enthusiasm," before which everything is an item of consumption ("I have the impression not so much of having, for myself, solved a certain number of alluring and troubling problems as of having used them up") and from whose vantage point, passing by in hectic "supercession," all kinds of work are equally to be cherished. At least, we ought to be clear what her sensibility threatens. In its expression, discernment is abandoned in behalf of sensation, evidence yields to incantatory assertions, and critical elucidation disappears, leaving in its place porous generalizations about the agonized modern mind, and hasty concoctions to lighten its burdens with a tolerance for junk.

A half hour's aimless flipping through recent issues of our major literary quarterlies will suggest that Miss Sontag is not unusual, though highly publicized, as befits a publicist. After the pioneer achievements of the last three decades, as Hayden Carruth has said, "readers are more interested in the non-literary forms of criticism, or in no criticism at all."

Yet we need to remind ourselves that the death of criticism is dangerous for art. Mr. Carruth, a poet, insists that he derived unaccountable benefits from the critical explosion through which he lived. Miss Sontag calls into question not only the intellect which criticizes but the intellect which creates. Her theory asserts the primacy of form in order to champion a new definition of art which one can see realized in the tiresomely self-referring nouvelle vague.

Between Miss Sontag's celebration of sensuous surface, and Norman Podhoretz's assertion that the novel has been supplanted by the essay as a bringer of news, there is a strong similarity. He has turned his back on art; she has lobotomized it.

Charles Thomas Samuels teaches English at Williams College. He has written for The Massachusetts Quarterly, The Yale Review *and other magazines.*

FILMS

Robert Hatch

There is no ghost or glimmer of new moral content in Joseph Losey's *King and Country*. We had all of it as long ago as *Billy Budd* and we've had it countless times since. A simple boy (Tom Courtenay) "walks away" from a war. Of course he is caught and brought back to stand court-martial. And this being the British army (World War I), the proceedings are conducted with the gentle implacability that British gentlemen traditionally display toward domestic animals and "other ranks." The young captain (Dirk Bogarde), appointed to defend the hapless creature, is moved by such candid helplessness to an eloquent plea of extenuating circumstances, loss of perspective by reason of battle fatigue and absence of premeditation. The tribunal is more than half convinced, but if the lad was sick, it is a catching sort of sickness and the larger view dictates the sentence of death before a firing squad. This is carried out so inexpertly that the captain himself must administer the *coup de grâce*, gazing deep into his protégé-victim's eyes and inserting the barrel of a revolver almost lovingly into his gaping mouth.

There was a time when people would solemnly debate the moral balance in this kind of charade, the assumption being that you could find ethical bedrock in war if only you dug deep enough. It's late in the day, I think, for that sort of agonized sophistry.

In a sense that's a pity, for there is good work in *King and Country*. In the first place, there is the duet between Courtenay and Bogarde. It may be old hat—the inarticulate honesty of the one and the yearning compassion of the other, the vain reaching across class; and when Bogarde is caused to quote Lewis Carroll in a moment of despair you may wonder for a moment if the film is meant as some ghastly parody. But the two are fine actors and they are working with what is—or was—the British social condition.

Much more interesting, though, is the chorus of the prisoner's fellow soldiers. These are Elizabethan zanies, rollicking about in French mud so fluid that it will not accept the rotting fragments of their dead comrades. This Falstaff's honor guard fights titanic sham battles with rats that outsmart them; on the eve of execution they lug jugs of home brew (trust them to cook it) into the death cell and fall into a maudlin homosexual roughhouse that culminates in a game of firing-squad blindman's buff. The fellows are quite mad from mud and cold, hunger and fear; and their officers, stepping about in spotless twill and polished leather, are quite mad not to notice it. There was a sort of hell's ballet going on in the background of the picture (and the extravagantly horrible set had the right staginess for it). I wish it had been made the whole picture, and the ethical cant thrown to the junk heap with *Journey's End* and Percival Christopher Wren.

De Santis' *Italiano Brava Gente* is about World War II, but it could as well have been 1916. Its manner is a weird cross between *All Quiet on the Western Front* and *Alexander Nevsky*. It seems that among his other wicked buffooneries, Mussolini sent an army to the Russian front, and this is alleged to be the story of what happened to it. With the exception of a contingent of black shirts who ape the Nazis and stay prudently in reserve, these brave but gentle Italians march deep into the great plains as the wheat ripens and the evenings turn chill. They fear the Germans, fraternize happily with any Russians they meet, and observe the first snowflakes with childlike gravity. Cossacks kill them, Germans kill them, they kill one

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another, and the cold wipes them out in a white pestilence.

All of this is painted on a very broad canvas, panoramic battle scenes and equestrian charges alternating with vignettes of personal sacrifice and humane encounters. The irony of misadventure is heavily underscored, with occasional episodes of hysterical implausibility. The project was ambitious and to little purpose. Retreat through the Russian winter is as worn a tale as the sacrificial execution of the innocent soldier, and de Santis' depiction of the brave little band laughing and cursing, dreaming and dying in that flat immensity is the inevitable cliché for the subject matter.

Indeed, I'm afraid I have had it, as far as "responsible" war films are concerned. They go on pretending that war is something to argue about, that its nature must be "brought home" to us. All of us have lived with war all our lives; we've never known anything but war, and the discussion has become stale, distasteful and humiliating. If we must have war films, let's stick with the Hollywood glamour boys and be honest about the obscene fascination of the subject.

Michael Goldman

If *Marat/Sade* is a problem play, the problem would seem to be: what is the problem? Peter Weiss has lately made it all too easy for us to continue raising irrelevant questions by offering his opinion as to "whose side he is on" in the controversy between his two protagonists. [See editorial, "Peter Weiss and Wolf Biermann," *The Nation*, January 10.] His political explanations, interesting as they are for other reasons, are not likely to be any more to the critical point than our own. We may be grateful, then, to the Film-Makers' Cinematheque for having put on display recently a number of Weiss's films, which offer somewhat more germane evidence as to his purposes as an artist. The films, five very short and one feature length, were directed by Weiss between 1955 and 1959, and represent the bulk of his work in the cinema. While they can make no one regret that he has turned playwright, they cast a fascinating light on his development. For the sensibility that emerges from them — and it is as much to be found in the occasional boredom as in the interest they arouse — is that of a superior de Sade, troubled by human sympathy, laboring to invent Marat.

The earlier, short films are more a film-maker's notebook than achieved productions, but an obsessive series of images dominates them. Fragments of the body appear and are recomposed. Arms, legs and heads are brought together in various perspectives and combinations. A man and a woman lie side by side, staring into space. The treatment is remote, disjunctive; the actors' faces are either blank and fixed, or briefly crossed by unrelating spasms of expression. A sense of strain, overstimulation and affectlessness prevails.

One film, *Faces in the Shadows*, departs from the general manner when the camera surveys the faces of old men in a crowded beer hall. It is a significantly tender piece of reportage. But these faces, "natural" and "animated" though they are, are also profoundly at a loss. Each is presented in careful isolation. The feeling in their faces searches for a reply; we never see them find it. The sound track is dim and garbled, imperfectly synchronized; perhaps it records not this but some similar scene. We are left, once more, with a feeling of sensual dispersal, of fragmentation, but now another element is present, reflecting and reinforcing Weiss's treatment of the human image — a sense of blank urban flow.

Both motifs are developed at greater length in *The Mirage*, which follows a day in the life of a pathetic urban wanderer, a teen-age boy on the verge of madness. In a series of episodes, the violence and waste of city life underscore his hallucinations to remove him further and further from reality. He is punched by boxers at a gymnasium, hurt by factory machinery, offered food only at what seems to be a morgue. Later, he eats some filth left out for birds, and runs amok. His erotic imaginings have the fragmented texture of the shorter films. On the morning of his departure we find him staring at a torrent of garbage being poured onto a dump; the sequence of shots suggests that he may be looking there for the blond girl who haunts his fantasies.

The Mirage lacks a dramatic interest equal to the quality of its feeling. It does not make clear where its hero's hallucinations leave off and the tortured world of the city begins, and the source and meaning of his aberration are equally in doubt. Has it been produced by the brutal and exhausted society he moves through? Certainly. But is not this society a madness too—a madness, so the film suggests, identical to his own? Can madmen produce anything but a mad world? At this point in Weiss's career, the paradox was merely implied. It took on dramatic life only in the figure of Marat, who stands out against the sad, fragmented sensual vision that de Sade represents, proclaiming its cause and cure.

Weiss may have good reason today to identify himself with Marat's revolutionary message. But these films remind us how much more complicated was the vision that went into *Marat/Sade*. Marat is de Sade's creation — an invented madman's mad invention, interpreted by madmen but amazingly like life. The rational impulse by which we conceive of revolutionary change no doubt can result in true criticism, but it is also the most desperate of our fantasies.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

In 1959 when Jean-Paul Sartre's *The Condemned of Altona* was first produced in Paris the audience was deeply impressed and moved. It had cause. This play about a supremely wealthy German shipbuilder and his son was received as a parable. Though contemptuous of the Nazis, the older man had turned informer to get his son out of trouble — an act which led to the murder of a Polish rabbi. The son, who had attempted to protect the Jew and who scorned Hitler, was nevertheless a patriot and later, as an officer of the *Wehrmacht*, had resorted to torture of the enemy.

These events, antecedent to the play's action, establish the premise for the story of guilt that follows. Obtuse Frenchmen in the audience might have taken it as a cautionary tale directed solely toward the Germans; the more knowing saw the play as symbolic of the French condition during the internecine butchery in Algeria of the fifties.

Like the German shipbuilder's son in the play, the French hid themselves from knowledge of crime committed for *la patrie*. Many who protested were tracked down by hatred and violence. Though the vindictive were given to hypocritical rationalization of their brutality, others suffered inner torment and shame. In either case, these sentiments stemmed from two national humiliations: the early capitulation to the Germans and the successful rebellion in Algeria. The country was divided within itself. And, like Ger-

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many after its defeat, the French waxed ever more prosperous. It is perhaps no simple chance that the central figure of Sartre's play — the idealistic officer turned torturer — who has immured himself in the family citadel to hide his anguish and to shut out the evidence of his father's and his country's material well-being — is named *Frantz*.

Though the immediate stimulus for writing *The Condemned of Altona* may have been the Franco-Algerian tragedy, Sartre aimed at creating something more than a blunt political parable. The play's final moments reveal the deeper motivations. While father and son are on their way to a double suicide, a taped recording which Frantz had made in his seclusion is played. As the curtain is about to descend on the empty stage we hear:

> *Centuries of the future, here is my century, solitary and deformed —the accused. My client* [Frantz is "defending" himself] *is tearing himself open with his own hands. . . . I will tell you the secret of these multiple incisions. The century might have been a good one had not man been watched from time immemorial by the cruel enemy who had sworn to destroy him— man himself. One and one make one—there's our mystery. The beast was hiding, and suddenly we surprised his look deep in the eyes of our neighbors. So we struck. Legitimate self-defense. I struck. A man fell, and in his dying eyes I saw the beast still living—myself. . . . Where does it come from, this rancid, dead taste in my mouth? . . . It is the taste of the century. . . .*

We are all guilty. The murderer is identical with the victim. ("One and one make one.") Man must transcend himself. Two people in the play—particularly Frantz's sister-in-law, an "outsider," an artist — appear strong enough to leave the infested family mansion. Perhaps others too may succeed in escaping the vicious syndrome of Frantz's final indictment.

The play proliferates symbols. For example, Frantz and his sister Leni, cynically faithful to the ancestral establishment, have made love together. This signifies that those who bury themselves in guilt and shame, those who fear facing reality, commit a kind of incest.

This is strong stuff. The play abounds in psychological and philosophic convolutions. It is a "think piece." Yet after I had read it twice and then gone to see it some years ago in London I referred to it in *The Nation* as an interesting play which bores or as a boring play which interests! Now that I have seen it at the Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center, the basis for this paradox has become clearer.

Sartre is a brilliant and courageous man. He has an amazing mind, tortuous as often as it is lucid. He has numerous skills, among them the ability to write plays that emit sparks which fascinate and momentarily illuminate. *Dirty Hands*, apart from other merits, is an arresting melodrama. There are passages in *The Devil and The Good Lord* which might be placed in an anthology of exemplary intellectual dialogue for the stage. Because of the urgent contemporaneity of his thinking, and his gift of statement on subjects of inescapable importance, whatever he writes demands close attention.

In general, however, and more particularly in *The Condemned of Altona*, Sartre is hardly an artist or even a consummate theatre craftsman. His compelling will to stab our conscience creats a certain intensity. At the outset the play induces a degree of suspense. But as it progresses through its three hours of volubility one grows fatigued by the author's strained effort and the inadequate sustenance it provides. The play's personages barely come to life, either as true characters or as powerful mouthpieces. There is no poetry in their speech, no flesh or blood in their contacts, and finally little excitement or drama in their confrontation. They do not make us believe in them on any level. We recognize in the extended dialogue an entirely serious and committed man, a person who, despite his occasional eloquence, in this instance remains only partly articulate.

The complexity in *The Condemned of Altona* is characteristic of Sartre. In many of his essays and critical pieces this complexity produces results that approach genius. At other times—and something of the sort occurs in a few of the play's passages—complexity becomes a pyrotechnic cleverness of rhetoric and debate. The intellect outsmarts itself. One becomes suspicious, feels oneself being deceived. The mechanism of the mind confronting us revolves and gyrates with an agility much too free to be useful. The mental inventiveness surpasses the quality of the insights. We are struck dumb in a kind of confused admiration without being convinced in our intelligence or satisfied in our spirit.

There is little point in insisting that *The Condemned of Altona* is a valuable social document. It isn't for us. Though the play may be assumed to have meaning here in America because of Hiroshima or the war in Vietnam, or because we too engaged in the fight against the Nazis, *The Condemned of Altona* is not written in a vein relevant to our experience or frame of reference. And it is still more futile to say that, for all its defects, it is a more substantial play than any other on Broadway. (That may be so, but who has ruled that we must go to the theatre?)

The French production was galvanized by the lightning shock of Serge Reggiani's acting as Frantz—another factor in the play's Parisian success. We need not be at all surprised that no equivalent of this exists in the performance at the Vivian Beaumont. The acting ranges from the thoroughly competent to either the somewhat embarrassingly strenuous or the tolerably mediocre. The whole under Herbert Blau's direction is done with determined sincerity and evident understanding, except for the set which does not make complete dramatic sense.

I avoid further particulars because the work of the Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center should be reviewed

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as a whole at the end of the season. For this reason my strictures at the moment are aimed at the formidable French master rather than at the struggling young Americans.

Robert Pasolli

Off-off-Broadway, so named by its chief chronicler, *The Village Voice*, is a string of shabby *camera* theatres in lofts, coffeehouses, church basements, store fronts and, least glamorous of all, YMCAs—concentrated in lower Manhattan, mainly in Greenwich Village. For several years the obscure, somewhat murkily exotic pastime of an audience that couldn't have exceeded two or three times the total number of practitioners, off-off-Broadway now enjoys a much bigger demand for admission from persons eager to join what must look to them like a coterie. Perhaps a desire for the *outré* is what motivates this secondary audience, which must surely have heard about off-off-Broadway's characteristic excesses, both theatrical and moral. Or perhaps it is moved by a longing for a theatrical atmosphere more informal, amiable and humane than the condescending audience exploitation of the commodity theatre, on the one hand, and the chilling culture mongering of the institutional theatre on the other.

The Judson Poets' Theatre is a focal point in this expansion of interest in off-off-Broadway. The godchild of Al Carmines, associate minister of the Judson Church on Washington Square, this theatre, more than any other, has attracted a following for its frequently outrageous, always affable kind of theatre, touched by a special insouciance that seems to me to distinguish the Judson from the other groups. (The Caffe Cino, the Theatre Genesis, the La Mama ETC, the Open Theatre, the Clark Center, the Hardware Poets Theatre, the Chelsea Theatre Center and the Lincoln Square YMCA Theatre are the other prominent, on-going ventures.) The Judson's revival over the past two years of Gertrude Stein (*What Happened, Play I, Play II, Play III* and *Three Sisters Who Are Not Sisters*), its enchanting musical version of *Winnie-the-Pooh*, and its musical extravaganza, *Home Movies* (the most famous off-off-Broadway production of all, although its renown was largely due to ensuing commercial presentation)—these productions are among the most engaging theatre I have seen.

The recent bill at the Judson consisted of *Red Cross* by Sam Shepard, a young playwright of some fame off-off-Broadway, and a new adaptation of Sophocles' *Antigone* by Theodore Stinchecum, who also directed it.

Red Cross is a one-act encounter play about a young man, Jim, and the chambermaid who takes care of the room he shares with a young woman, Carol. In Carol's absence, the maid comes in to fix the room and surprises Jim at calisthenics. She submits amenably, while changing the beds, to a variety of his whims, including a long harangue about body lice and an impassioned swimming lesson, at the end of which she "drowns" from exhaustion. Recovering, she muses on the experience of "drowning" in a rhapsodic outpouring of beauty and power, then regains her self-possession and abruptly departs. The episode is set between two short scenes involving Jim and Carol which echo the physical jubilance and debilitation.

Red Cross is an enigmatic play on many counts, the playwright having left out a great deal of information ordinarily thought pertinent. He avoids elements of exposition, like identification of the scene and of the relationship of Jim and Carol. He avoids delineation of character, such as whether Jim is psychotic, playful or merely young. He leaves unclear the intention of the action: are the calisthenics symbolic masturbation, is the swimming lesson symbolic intercourse? Even his theme is elusive: is the encounter essentially between youth and maturity, man and woman, son and surrogate mother, or physicality and spirituality? His obvious symbols are ambiguous too, like the trickle of blood that appears on Jim's face at the end of the play, which could be an emblem of his having been defeated by the maid, or merely the testament of his lively lice—if, indeed, the lice were real in the first place. Those are some of the possibilities which Mr. Shepard hints at but does not confirm. Rather, he leaves them in suspension, as ambiguities which resonate against one another and against the stage action that produced them.

One wonders why ambiguity doesn't alienate the audience by obfuscation. I think the answer is that the playwright never looks up, but he plunges right through his stage action, giving no sign that he is aware of the peculiarities lurking behind it. It is bravura playwriting, sure and authoritative, and gives us an experience akin to the chambermaid's death by drowning. Like her, we glow with euphoria afterward, wondering about the experience. We have been tricked by the play's vitality, as she has been by Jim's, and our recompense for having submitted is, like hers, the pleasure of confrontation with a queer and mysterious reality.

The production, directed by Jacques Levy and designed in stark white by Lindsey Decker, was suave and effective. The actors' skin and hair and the blood on Jim's cheek were the only uses of color; it was eerily pure. Florence Tarlow, an actress frequently seen off-off-Broadway, was superb as the maid, reserved and controlled. Miss Tarlow is a naturally wacky actress, but she played everything straight here so that the wackiness showed only at the seams of her performance, a technique in keeping with that of the play. Her rhapsody after "drowning" was beautiful and moving.

By contrast, Theodore Stinchecum's production of his own adaptation of *Antigone* was deadly. The play is hearty meat for any theatre, let alone the gentle Judson, but Mr. Stinchecum felt somehow the need to pour over it a rich sauce of physical production. Elaborate Japanese paraphernalia inhibited the movement, distracted one's attention and diffused what focus the actors managed to establish. Only Alice Spivak as a stridently *kvetching* Antigone rose out of the miasma to deliver up a characterization, but one would have preferred her to stay under. Worse than that, the strong, bleak and sinewy poetry of Mr. Stinchecum's version, which I had discovered in the two scenes I read, was swamped along with the actors. Several good production ideas were awash in all of this—mainly ritualistic elements live and on film—but they couldn't save the production which, paced for a snail race, was a ponderous evening in the theatre.

It is ironic that the Judson has mounted this tedious *Antigone* as a major effort just at the time when so much attention is focusing on it as the *grande dame* of off-off-Broadway. Many people walked out on the performance I attended and I was sad for the Judson. But that soppy emotion, I suspect, is gratuitous when directed at a theatre whose insouciance has been a major source of its strength. I hope, and assume, that the Judson won't lose its cool.

Robert Pasolli spent the 1962-63 season at the Tyrone Guthrie Theatre in Minneapolis on a Ford Foundation grant, and was later associated with the Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center in New York.

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